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Saturday Review

June 27, 1964 25¢

THAILAND: W. L. Chang, Bangkok

THE WORLD AND IT

A portfolio of award-winning photographs

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American Airlines and its fan-jet engine.

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Aren't you still campaigning for the British Empire?

Haven't you the Pimm's Cup point-of-view?

Come, now. You'd better get cracking. Don't you miss the jolly good times of the officer's mess? The amenities of the sports club? Such privileges of rank as the "gentleman's gentleman"? Don't you stand with us on a return to the leisurely, golden days of the outpost, when Victoria reigned supreme and the sun never set on her Empire?

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For over a century, Pimm's Cup has been identified with the staunchest defenders of the British Empire. Officers of every branch of Her Majesty's Service have long counted on this refreshing drink to bring one civilized pleasure anyway, to the remotest corners of the earth.

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Try your terrace. A fifth of Pimm's is only about $5.00. Precious little for civilized man's greatest ally against constant, enervating heat.

To this proper end, we are pleased to offer you glass replicas of the tankards used when Pimm's Cup No. 1 was introduced.

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SR64

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"Happy is he who has been able to learn the causes of things."
Virgil

The quest for facts which are close to "the causes of things" is a difficult and sometimes frustrating part of our research effort.

Such a quest remains an art. It requires individuals who possess a nicely balanced blend of iron drive and delicate touch. These are the imaginative and perceptive men Virgil described. We think we have some of them working with us.

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Saturday Review

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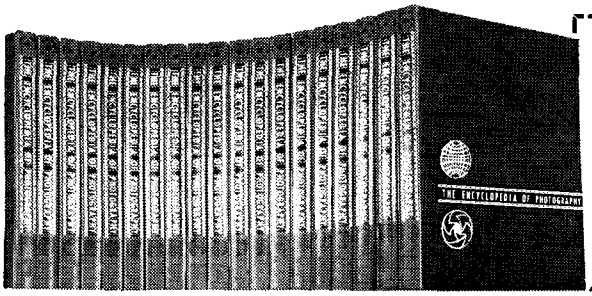

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John O'Hara Meets Romeo and Juliet

Appointment in Verona

"YOU had White Horse the first time," the bartender at the Verona Hills Country Club said. "You want the same thing again? I could give you Dewar's, Johnny Walker Black, Teacher's, J&B, Chivas Regal—you name it."

"White Horse. Just one shot. I want to take a look around Verona before dinner. I haven't been back since '33 when there was all that trouble between the Montagues and Capulets."

The bartender took out a clean glass and poured a shot of White Horse over two ice cubes. "Them names don't come up too much any more."

"Well, they were big names in '33, both families—doctors, lawyers, bankers. Ancestors helped build Verona. Always dealing in replevins, deeds, bonds, escrows—all that big-business stuff. They were pretty clannish, those Italians: the Montagues, the Capulets, Merv Cutio, Ben Volio. But I remember one German fellow was a friend of the crowd. Ty Baldt, his name was. I went to P.S. 6 with him.

"They had the money in this town. Sons went to the best schools, Lawrenceville, Groton. Afterward they went on to Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Colgate, Williams, Brown, Swarthmore. Made all the best fraternities: Alpha Alpha, Beta Beta, Gamma Gamma, Delta Delta, Epsilon Epsilon. Oh, there was class there, all right, as well as money. For example, all those kids had their own tux, no rented outfits for them. And they wore pumps to the junior prom. Lots of the fellows wore just plain black shoes, but not those kids.

"The trouble started way back. Something about old Montague having an easement on part of Capulet's property up on Mantua Street, a vacant lot right around the corner from Baldt's Service Station.

"Whatever it was, those two had it in for each other. Things came to a head when Romeo, Montague's oldest boy, was a sophomore at Princeton. He came home for spring vacation in '33, met Juliet Capulet right here in this very club when we had our annual spring dance, and—whammo!—that was it. Old Montague was fit to be tied. Old Capulet, too.

"I had a '26 Essex I was driving that year. Ty Baldt had a '29 Hupmobile, and Merv Cutio, a close friend of Romeo's, was driving a Model A. We did a lot of helling around together that spring. That's how I happen to know as much as I do, which isn't much. A lot was hushed up.

"Ty sided with old Capulet, and one night Ty and Merv got in an argument and then in a race right down North Main Street. They were both killed when their cars crashed into the Spanish-American War Veterans' monument that's in the little park in front of Hooper's Hardware. It was a terrible thing.

"One thing we didn't know. The kids were planning to get married secretly, or *were* married, nobody's really sure. Naturally, Juliet was pretty jumpy and she asked Freddy Laurence, the pharmacist down at Klep's, to give her something for her nerves. Freddy grabbed the wrong thing off the shelf, and the next thing we knew, both those kids were found dead in Romeo's new '33 Buick touring car. Juliet must have given him some of the stuff, too.

"Freddy was indicted for involuntary manslaughter, but the two families had had enough trouble and publicity, so they got Freddy off and he went out West to live in Buffalo. It seems like there was just too much bad luck connected with the affair, even if Freddy hadn't got his wires crossed.

"Right afterward I traded my Essex in for a '30 Chrysler that turned out to need a new transmission.

"I think I'll have one more drink. Make it Chivas Regal this time. It's got class." —EVELYN DUNCAN.

The Per Capita Mile

THE airlines, in their effort to prove that air travel is the safest means of locomotion since the tricycle, have invented the per capita mile. But this accountant's abstraction has been notably unsuccessful in solving the problem of air pockets, for instance, or ice on the wings, or the inevitable distance between wheels and solid ground when one is 12,000 feet up in the air. That slyly calculated antidote, the per capita smile of your airline hostess, cannot alter the essential facts.

No man in his right mind can sit in a large area of sky surrounded by several tons of metal and not know that he is the victim of an impossible hoax—even though the hoax often terminates not in midair as one would expect, but just after landing.

An alleged advantage of air travel is that it gets you places in a hurry. There

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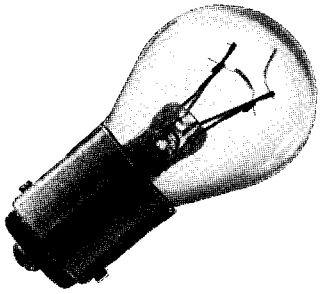
Avis is No. 1 in Poughkeepsie. And already we've had a few complaints.



The light that failed.

Not long ago, our man in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., phoned us. "We're top dog," he said.

He sounded cocky.

Since then, we've watched Jack Newman closely.

He's already let through one dud signal light. Maybe he'll graduate to empty gas tanks.

But success hasn't done him much harm—yet.

His service is still snappy and the Fords he rents are as new as they come. (Like Avis people who are only No. 2, he doesn't run his cars past 20,000 miles.)

A few more complaints from you Poughkeepsie people, though, and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent.

So watch it, Jack.

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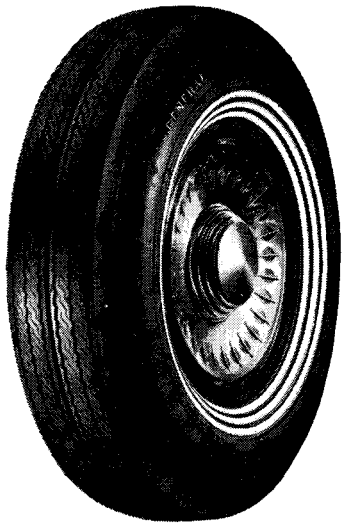

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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

are two obvious fallacies here. *One:* the chief advantage of travel is the time it consumes. A six-day steamer voyage, while not as relaxing as a month under sail or a ten-day excursion through the sewers of Paris, nevertheless managed to keep a little sanity in the world. The eight-hour plane crossing is making psychotics of us all. *Two:* planes take you quickly where you want to go. The last time I took a plane to Chicago I ended up in Dayton, Ohio, with just time enough to catch a train that reached Chicago as my two-day conference there came to an end. The airplane is great for getting you places in a hurry, all right—if you don't mind what places, or if you have plenty of time.

The first man who took to the air doomed us all. For how can we relax on a ship in mid-Atlantic, knowing that people are whooshing over our heads, propelled to Paris or London in as many hours as we take in days?

So the next time you go by plane. After discovering that there is nothing to be seen from the thrilling height that you couldn't see better from the rear seat of a rock crusher, after relaxing a little your effort to keep the plane airborne by clenching your toes and sitting lightly in your seat, you are cheered by the offer of dinner. As you raise a cup of fragrant hot coffee to your lips you concede that air travel has its moments. But this is also the moment when you and the plane drop into a pocket, leaving the coffee in midair—a position immediately held in dispute with your face. The experience is referred to in airline ads as drinking in the beauties of space.

One refuge remains. You learn quickly what veteran fliers know: the only way to get any pleasure out of flying is to sleep. But there is a law among hostesses that no passenger may be allowed this pleasure. So they wake you to ask if you would like a magazine, a blanket, a meal, a cigarette, or the latest weather report. They wake you to say the plane's going to land, even when it isn't your stop. Why? Obviously because they don't know whether their flying machine will get you safely to earth or not, and they don't want to be responsible for having you wake up dead. —Bradford Smith.

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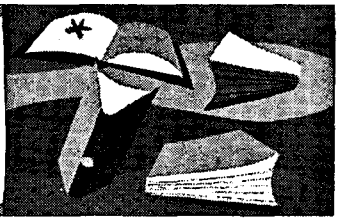
Trade Winds



WASHINGTON, D.C.

There have been sixty-four annual conventions held by the American Booksellers Association. This one—four or five days starting June 7—was the biggest. More than 2,500 publishers, authors, and booksellers gathered to show each other what they have been doing and what they hope to do. There are speeches and panel discussions, but the huge trade exhibit is the main feature of the affair. When I first saw it this time, I knew it would be different. I heard a dog barking and a mynah bird calling, and I watched a man handing out silver dollars. Many publishers had decided that with thousands of titles being exhibited, a little showmanship wouldn't hurt.

The mynah bird, along with a cockatoo, a parakeet, and a macaw of vivid plumage, was Doubleday's way of calling attention to a big, beautiful new bird book by Roger Tory Peterson and James Fisher. I don't know whether they invited Fisher or Peterson to be present, but the birds themselves talked up a very good spiel for them.

Platt and Munk has a new book titled *Dogs*. The barking I heard was from the ten-week-old thoroughbred collie that would be raffled off to one of the 1,500 booksellers. Prentice-Hall, on the other hand, brought along two handsome Labradors that were not only quieter than the collie pup but also than most of the humans. They were also champions, Duke of Applejack and Thumper of Walden. They brought with them Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Unkelbach. Mr. Unkelbach has written *Love on a Leash*, which tells how a Labrador retriever went along on their honeymoon and led to the establishment of the Walden kennels. Mrs. Unkelbach, a good-looking young lady, wears a belt that states, in French, that the more she sees of men the more she likes dogs. I asked Mr. Unkelbach what writing he wears on his belt and he wouldn't tell me.

Let me remind you that there were a couple of hundred booths in this exhibit and that each displayed a dozen or so titles. The reason I remember the Lyle Stuart Company's *Little Wonders of Nature* is that young Sandy Stuart, a pretty girl of almost seventeen years, was up to her elbows in little wonders of nature. On one arm an iguana flicked its magic tongue. On Sandy's palm a Texas horned frog foraged for insects. On her shoulders two chameleons, ignorant of politics, changed colors in midstream. Out in the Shoreham Hotel gardens, Rory Stuart, eight years old, caught ladybirds to feed these creatures. In the Stuart hotel room, cocoons were hatching for the following day's meals. Earlier the horned toad, being taken for a walk, had escaped and leaped into the hotel swimming pool, from which he was quickly removed.

That's what publishers were doing. Pocket Books, celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and proud of having been the first to go into modern paperback publishing, pegged its gimmick on the kangaroo colophon. A young wallaby, imported from Australia just for the occasion, slapped its tail on the floor and munched acacia bark or whatever it is they like to eat.

The man dispensing the silver dollars was Robert Fetridge of Little, Brown and Company. One thousand of the coins had been brought down from Boston. When the bags were opened, Fetridge was dismayed to see that the dollars were all black from age. How do you polish 1,000 silver dollars? You run them through the silver washing machine in the hotel kitchen. That obstacle overcome, the next came from some coin experts who offered to buy some of the bucks for prices ranging from $2.50 to $11. It seems that—contrary to what we thought—the dollar is worth *more* than before. The dollars were not sold, however, but offered to booksellers. Strangely, in the true American way, many visitors would not accept the free gift, figuring there was a catch to it. I mean, who gives away money nowadays? So Little, Brown took back to Boston some unwanted silver dollars.

Other stunts included a real, live white Ford Mustang car, which Revell Books will award the winner of a window display contest in connection with Charles L. Allen's book, *Prayer Changes Things*. Popular Library ran dice, roulette, blackjack, and poker games at which you could try to build up an initial stake of stage money to give you a better chance of winning cameras,

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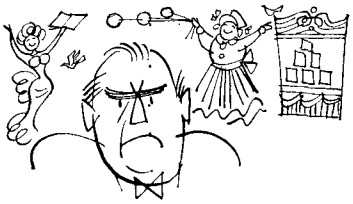
watches, and projectors. Stein and Day blew up hundreds of balloons and floated them all over the place advertising *Any Wednesday*, the book of the hit play on Broadway.

Everything wasn't so inanimate. Allied Publications, pushing hard a *Mother Goose in Five Languages*, hired a Mrs. Coleman of Hyattsville, Maryland, to wear a Mother Goose costume and occupy the display booth. Many adults and several children were extremely impressed by the book and the lady. Few noticed or cared that her costume was too small to be zipped up in the back.

For authentic atmosphere, perhaps the Great Western Publishing Company took part of the cake. Reproducing an old-fashioned saloon of the old West, they staffed it with Hester Harris, a University of California student with blonde hair and green eyes. She wore a skimpy dance-hall hostess outfit and served a fruit punch. She tried to draw as much attention as she could to *Nevada, the First Hundred Years*. Next January Hester will marry the son of the publisher and then perhaps she won't have to dress up in these costumes any more.

One publisher who came to the ABA convention with nothing more than the books and the story behind them was heard to grumble that there was a "circus atmosphere" that lent a non-



book feeling to the meeting. Another argued that books are dramatic and that anything goes when it comes to pointing this out. Those are two viewpoints. My question is, what will the publishers do next year for an encore?

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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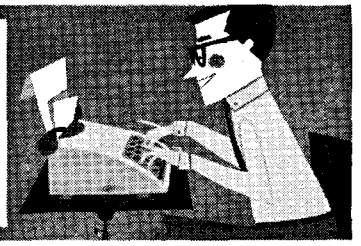
Top of My Head



Think Young

HARDLY a week passes that I don't get a letter from a non-professional writer who is an unhappy television viewer and who feels he can do better with half his brain tied behind his back, and he has an idea for a situation comedy program and where does he go and whom does he see? Also, now and then, a letter from a professional writer who feels he can do better with his whole brain tied behind his back and where does he go and whom does he see?

Well, I can tell him whom to see. They'll tell him where to go. I know a professional writer who wrote for radio for more than twenty years and for television for about fifteen years and he had an idea for a fresh, new-type situation TV comedy and they told *me* where to go.

This has been the fall, winter, and spring of my discontent. And it looks like summer, too. As a graduate of the College of Hard Knocks, *cum* stupid, I was under the delusion that once I walked into any producer's office with a complete outline of this idea with full descriptions of locale, characters, and the flavor of the show I would be accorded the same treatment All-State gives its policy-holders—you know, where they hand you the check before you are actually run over or burned out of house and home.

I was living in a fool's paradise. Nothing happens that quickly in television. But not without cause. You see, the first step in launching any new program is to make a pilot of the script. This filmed version of the first episode costs a lot of money. A hundred thousand dollars. So you can hardly fault them for being careful and for asking questions. Which one executive did. And I quote:

"Who is the main character in your show?"

"Well he's a man about sixty or sixty-five and he owns a—"

"Can't he be younger?"

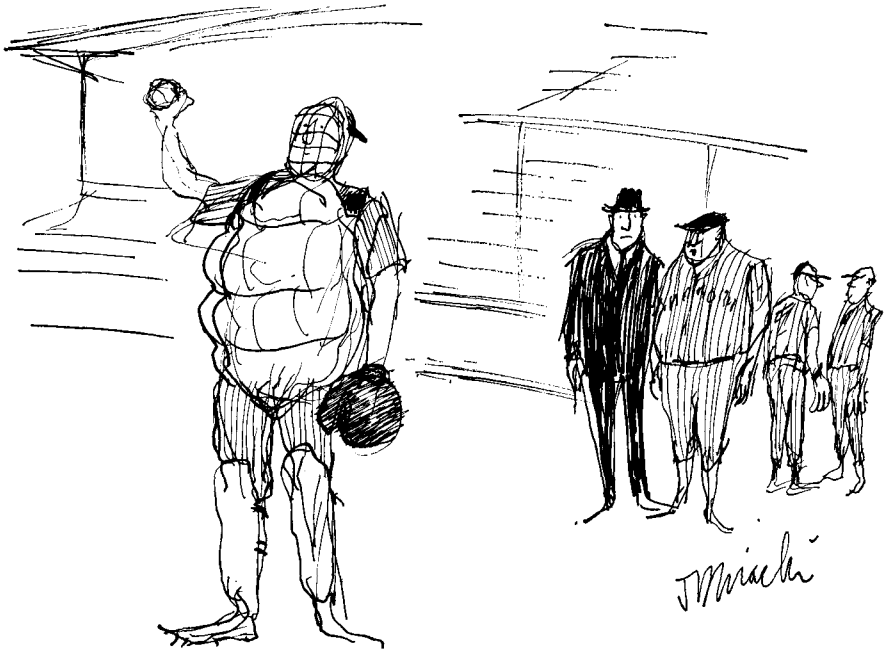
"Beg pardon?"

"Can't he be younger than sixty?"

"But I haven't told you what he owns."

"That doesn't matter. After a lot of research in depth with charts and graphs and logarithmic calculations we have found that the acceptable age for a leading television personality is thirty-five or under."

"Oh. Does Walter Brennan know about that?"



"We paid forty thousand dollars for him, stripped."

"Oh, is that who you're thinking of, Walter Brennan? Get him. Good!"

"What happened to thirty-five?"

"Well, if it's Walter Brennan, he'll get you the rating. You know what the magic number is now?"

"Thirty-five?"

"No, four."

"You're kidding."

"No, $4 per thousand."

"You mean $4 for a thousand scripts?"

"No! A sponsor should get at least a thousand viewers for every $4 he spends on a TV program. If the rating on your show proves that you have 20,000,000 viewers, that's twenty thousand thousand, and at $4 per thousand the sponsor is willing to pay $80,000."

"Oh, I don't expect to get $80,000 for writing this script."

"Believe me, you won't. Now what is your show about?"

"Well I hope it's about a 20,000,000-viewer show, but I can't promise that it'll be exactly the—"

"No, no, I mean what's the idea of your show?"

"Oh, you mean writing-wise, not rating-wise. Well, this leading character is about sixty or sixty-five and he owns a—"

"Have you ever watched the Patty Duke show?"

"Well, yes, I did, but I don't see what—"

"Now take Patty Duke."

"I tried—honestly I tried. I just can't."

"But that show appeals to the teen-age group. They control the TV sets. That's what we're after."

"Oh, then you're not figuring on a cigarette sponsor for my show."

"No, no. We're staying away from cigarettes for teen-agers."

"Well, I could make this character a tobacco-chewer. I haven't seen anything against chewing tobacco."

"You see, we're poles apart. You're talking about the tobacco-chewing set and I'm talking about the bubble-gum set. How about integrating some young people into your show?"

"Well, I don't know. You see this man owns a—"

"You think about it. Good! This has been a most productive meeting. Drop in any time."

Well, since that interview, the idea was finally sold elsewhere and a pilot is being made. But not without my having visited several executives in advertising agencies, networks, and production companies. Most of them never did get to hear what the show was about completely. But you're my captive audience and this is my chance.

The main character in my show is a man about sixty-two or sixty-seven. . . . See that? He's aged since I started peddling the thing around. Now I'll have to change what it is he owns. Keep in touch. —GOODMAN ACE.

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A MESSAGE FOR PARENTS—ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY...

Overweight children and teens often learn to eat excessive amounts of food at the family table

BEING FAT AND FLABBY not only may be unhealthy but also is looked upon, in this country, as very unfashionable. Overweight boys tend to be subject to as much scorn and teasing by their peers as are chubby girls, even though girls may often react more emotionally to the problem.

Losing excess weight usually is very difficult. It is always wise to have the advice and help of a physician in planning a weight control program. But parents who are truly interested in the healthful development of their children will make every effort they can to teach their children early in life to eat right—both in terms of providing essential nutrients and correct amounts of food to avoid adding extra and unnecessary pounds.

In most cases, overweight results from consuming more food, or calories, than the body needs. Some studies suggest there may be a relationship between obesity and physical inactivity. Parents should encourage otherwise healthy children to engage in a reasonable amount of physical exercise, and wise parents will set an example by doing the same thing.

PLAN FOOD INTAKE CAREFULLY

If children are taught fairly early in life to select foods valuable in terms of providing essential nutrients (protein, minerals, vitamins, etc.), it may be easier to help them control calorie intake, and it may be possible to avoid some of the confusion about whether certain foods are "fattening" or not. There is far too much folklore and not enough sound information in many weight control programs. Too many people depend upon the lures of "quick cure" artists who sell almost-magic programs and pills for losing weight without effort.

A weight control program is likely to succeed more readily if it is part of a plan for developing lifetime eating patterns. Unless the physician advises otherwise, a sensible program can be based on the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed. The Guide fits the entire family. The person concerned about weight control can make selections from the same foods as other members of the family, but quantities will have to be adjusted to the calorie level desired.

THE GUIDE CAN HELP WEIGHT WATCHERS

By selecting foods as recommended in the Daily Food Guide, yet being certain that total calorie intake is balanced with daily energy needs, or is lower if weight reduction is the goal, the person concerned with weight control does not have to be treated as an "odd" member of the family. See instructions below for obtaining a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide, but here is an example of how the Guide suggests food selection to provide for a balanced diet:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should drink 3-4 glasses of milk daily, while 2 glasses are recommended daily for adults. (Equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream fit the pattern too.)

An 8-ounce glass of milk provides about 150 calories. We refer to milk's calories as "armored calories" because, unlike "empty calories," milk provides several important nutrients. Milk is the best food source of calcium (which is recommended in the diet of adults as well as for growing children and teen-agers). Milk also supplies riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism) and high quality protein which provides amino acids needed for body tissue development and repair. Milk also furnishes other vitamins and minerals.

Whole milk includes about 3.5% fat, and fat is necessary in the diet for such purposes as supplying essential fatty acids and for the transport of vitamins A and D. For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance. For a moderately active adult woman two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 14-20% of her calories. For teen-age boys 4 glasses of milk supply 18-22% of calories; for teen-age girls 25-30% of calories. These same quantities of milk, for each age group, also supply about 25% of the man's daily protein allowance, 31% for the adult woman, 35-44% for teen-age boys, and 45-50% for teen-age girls.

Milk is especially helpful in weight control diets because it does provide several essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. In those cases where physicians recommend extensive reduction in daily calorie intake, low-fat or skim milk may be used instead of whole milk.

The Daily Food Guide recommends food selections from three other groups to round out the sources of essential nutrients. These are: (1) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (2) Fruits and Vegetables; (3) Breads and Cereals. Additional foods may be selected from outside these groups to provide the total calorie intake required by the individual.

Families who use the Daily Food Guide in meal planning and who help the young understand what food can, and cannot, do for them will find it easier to develop in the young those eating habits which are more likely to provide the essential nutrients and calories in sufficient amounts to maintain proper body weight. Food consumption is an important part of weight control. Teaching children to eat right can help.

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of

american dairy association

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Saturday Review
June 27, 1964

THE CHRISTIAN'S DILEMMA

Three writers—Fyodor Dostoevsky, B. F. Skinner, and Teilhard de Chardin—illuminate the elusive problems of modern man's relationship to his world

By JOSEPH COLLIGNON

DURING the last hundred years, three books have been written that were to bring to light dramatically the dilemma of the Christian in the modern world. One of these books was written by a Russian, a novelist with an almost frightening intuitive sense about the fate of modern man; another by a contemporary American psychologist; the third by a French Jesuit, who has offered to the modern Christian a new outlook—and a decision.

The first of these books, *The Brothers Karamazov*, was written by Dostoevsky in the late nineteenth century. In this book Dostoevsky attempted to depict a modern Christian, a model of Christ in contemporary Russia. The putative hero of this novel, Alyosha Karamazov, was Dostoevsky's attempt to reconcile spirituality and materialism in a recognizable human form. The author did not entirely succeed in this, but, paradoxically, there is a great victory in his failure. How is this possible? The answer is made possible by the men and events of the twentieth century.

What was Alyosha? The word "what," not "who," is deliberate, for *The Brothers Karamazov* is an allegory of the most universal significance. In this novel, all attention is focused on one family: the father Fyodor, a shrewd, deceitful, lascivious creature one step removed from lower animal forms; the oldest son, Dmitri, violently emotional, an esthete of the delights of the back alley, a man torn with the rages of lust and guilt and animal exuberance; Ivan, the second son, an intellectual, proud, a man determined to end his life, for his mind can find no reason to go on living; and Alyosha, the gentle one, a young man trying to rise from the dust to a world of spirit.

All of this savagery and saintliness in one family more than suggests an allegory. Here is the evolution of man, as Dostoevsky saw it, from the muck and mire of Fyodor to his saint, the new Christian who would arise from the mud. The allegory is the story of man—of beastliness, of emotional entanglements, of intellect, of virtue. The author takes great pains with his hero. Alyosha is described in minute detail; he has all the elements of virtue. But virtue, as the elder Father Zossima, Alyosha's mentor, points out, must make its presence known in the world, must be effective in the world. In the spiritual crisis following the death of Zossima, Alyosha kisses the earth, feels at one with nature, and arises with a new strength, ready to take his place in the world, ready to initiate the new movement of Christianity in Russia that would ultimately sweep the world.

In creating his perfect Christian, however, Dostoevsky inadvertently—perhaps it was impossible to avoid—created a much stronger personality in Ivan. Ivan states his position so cogently that the reader is forced to look beyond the characters to see Dostoevsky torn in mind and spirit. In the conversation preceding the chapter entitled "The Grand Inquisitor," Ivan challenges Alyosha with the world's malevolence: "Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end . . . but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature . . . and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me, and tell the truth."

The Brothers Karamazov (scene from the MGM film)—man in microcosm.

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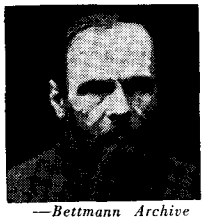
To which Alyosha replies softly: "No, I wouldn't consent."

Ivan then tells Alyosha his "poem" of Christ's return to sixteenth-century Spain at the height of the Inquisition. Christ is met by a Cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor, and told that he is no longer necessary; in fact, Christ could cause considerable damage to the work being done by the Church. And what is that work? To deprive man of his freedom so that he can be happy. The Grand Inquisitor upbraids Christ for having given men freedom:

> But Thou wouldst not deprive man of freedom and didst reject the offer [bread from stones], thinking, what is that freedom worth, if obedience is bought with bread? Thou didst reply that man lives not by bread alone. *But dost Thou know that for the sake of that earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against Thee and will strive with Thee and overcome Thee.* . . . Thou didst promise them the bread of Heaven, but, I repeat again, can it compare with earthly bread in the eyes of the weak, ever sinful and ignoble race of men?



—Bettmann Archive

Dostoevsky—Author, editor, and political reformer, he was once sentenced to death but was reprieved as he stood on the scaffold. His experiences—among them his father's murder by peasants—gave him what one writer has called "uncanny insight into the darkest nooks and crannies of man's heart and mind."

Skinner—This influential Harvard psychologist, the inventor of the teaching machine, advocates using the pure scientific method to study human behavior. One critic said of his book "Walden Two" that he was trying to "perfect mankind by making individual men incapable of anything except habit and prejudice."

—Philippe Halsman

Teilhard de Chardin—Author of "The Phenomenon of Man," this French geologist, paleontologist, priest, and philosopher was at one time forbidden by his Jesuit superiors to teach and publish. Despite his unorthodoxy, his theory of man's creative evolution has exerted great influence on modern theological thought.

Though arguing brilliantly for the forces of tyranny, Ivan is, in reality, making a plea for the freedom of Christianity, as Alyosha points out; yet even though he desires freedom – perhaps even desires faith—his mind continues to interject the irreconcilability of the concept of freedom and the nature of the mass of men.

And Alyosha is unable to convince Ivan to the contrary. Nor does Alyosha ever prove to be effective in the world, even with the guidance of Father Zossima, the spokesman of the new Christianity. And though Alyosha kisses the ground, symbolic of embracing all of nature, the reconciliation of the spirit and the material world; though the cries of the schoolboys ring "Hurray for Karamazov" at the conclusion of the novel; though Dostoevsky has taken great care to convince the reader that the new generation (the schoolboys) would take on the new leaven—there still remains the greater strength of Ivan's Grand Inquisitor: *"But dost Thou know that for the sake of that earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against thee...."*

And what did follow was exactly what Ivan's intellect found logical. The spirit of much of the earth proved to be atheistic materialism, loss of freedom. The logic is relentless; the question must be asked: Was Dostoevsky's vision of the New Jerusalem an illusion? Does the reality of the human condition render Christian freedom an impossibility?

Our contemporary intellectuals – the recipients of Dostoevsky's legacy – see the logic, but rarely follow it to its inevitable conclusion. Instead they cry out against the bomb, against overpopulation, against the loss of individual rights, against the anthill society.

One man, an American psychologist, has accepted the logic of a definitive world order, a tyranny of no tyranny. The principle is behavioristic psychology, the society is *Walden Two,* and the man is B. F. Skinner. In his utopian society a man is conditioned to make the right choices, for, as Skinner points out, there is not free choice; there is only the prior conditioning constantly a part of the human development from cradle to grave.

IN his novelistic essay, *Walden Two,* B. F. Skinner has created a new Grand Inquisitor in the character Dr. Frazier. Like the aged Cardinal in Dostoevsky's novel, Frazier had for a long time contemplated the evil implicit in chance development of the human personality. And just as the Cardinal had compassion for weak, sinful humanity, allowing them to sin, taking upon his shoulders their guilt that they could be free of knowledge in the choice of good and evil, so also does Frazier take upon himself the weight of thought and choice for "his people," the volunteers of his utopian *Walden Two.* In one scene, Frazier takes Professor Castle, the antagonist of the dialogue between Skinner and the world, to a hill overlooking the settlement. As they lie there, discussing the difficulties of organization —the agony of responsibility on Frazier's shoulders—Frazier assumes the position of the Crucifixion.

B. F. Skinner sees, as Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor saw, that the masses are incapable of freedom and, further, that man must be relieved of guilt if he is to be happy. *Walden Two* eliminates guilt by eliminating sin. Man is an animal that can be conditioned to gratify his desires within the framework of the complexity of social needs. Proper conditioning eliminates the need for choice—if, indeed, choice does exist. "Choice" becomes an automatic response. If the animal becomes depressed or anxious—by chance, not choice—psychiatrists are available.

But isn't this the anthill society? It is indeed the very society our contemporary intellectuals decry. But isn't this society, with its problems created by geometrically increasing populations and the loss of freedom in many parts of the world, the grave concern of the modern Christian?

In Alyosha's response to Ivan's cry of anguish, Dostoevsky offers reasons for living in spite of the inexorable logic of man's fate:

> But the sticky leaves, and the precious tombs, and the blue sky, and the woman you love! How will you live, such a hell in your heart and your head, how can you?

But a love of nature and a love for man's accomplishments in art and a love of the greatness of mind and spirit of a few men is not enough for Ivan; it is not enough for modern man, either. What can nature mean to the ever-increasing number of city dwellers? How tenuous the works of great minds when a dictator can destroy books, control

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thought. Of what value are man's monuments in light of the potential holocaust of nuclear weaponry? And what of human love now that the novelists and the playwrights have plumbed its excesses and perversions?

In the twentieth century, one man has essayed to find a unity in thought, a principle to combine the one and the many, the world of spirit and the material world. For Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a French paleontologist and Jesuit, years of study and research led to the conviction that the earth, the universe, and man have evolved, with man at the center, toward consciousness; that all creation is linked, form to form, with love and is evolving toward a higher consciousness; that man, as the center of all creation, is the created form in which the ascent toward an Omega point—or God—rests.

"Man," maintains Father Teilhard, "is separated from the rest of creation by a chasm—or a threshold—which it cannot cross. Because we are reflective we are not only different *but quite other* [italics mine]. It is not a matter of change of degree, but of a change of nature, resulting from a change of state."

This ability to reflect, to know that one knows, is man's greatest asset—and his greatest threat. Father Teilhard describes the problem of a too highly developed consciousness in *The Phenomenon of Man:*

> Almost incurably, subject and object tend to become separated from each other in the act of knowing. We are continually inclined to isolate ourselves from the things and events which surround us.

How excellently Chardin describes modern man! But, even more incredibly, Dostoevsky predicted this very condition:

> Why, the isolation that prevails everywhere, above all in our age—it has not fully developed, it has not reached its limit yet. For everyone strives to keep his individuality as apart as possible, wishes to secure the greatest possible fulness of life for himself; but meantime all his efforts result not in attaining fulness of life but self-destruction.

Dostoevsky's Ivan has seen the evils of the world; and though the earth may someday reach the millenium, he cannot justify the evil that has accompanied, and will continue to accompany, progress toward the New Jerusalem. He envisions the inevitable superstate, the loss of personal freedom, the loss of spirituality. But his comment typifies the very spirit of isolation in contemporary man: "Good Lord, it's no business of mine."

But Chardin maintains that modern man must not make such a declaration:

> And what is more serious still is that we have become aware that, in the great game that is being played, we are the players as well as being the cards and the stakes. Nothing can go on if we leave the table.

It is not merely that Ivan has ceased to be an effective force of intelligence in the world, but, as Chardin put it, "In trying to separate itself as much as possible from others, the element individualizes itself; but in doing so it becomes retrograde and seeks to drag the world backwards towards plurality and into matter. . . . No evolutionary future awaits man except in association with all other men."

The binding force of love, of which Chardin speaks, cannot be thrust too early upon man; every utopian group attempting to go beyond man has found this to be true. But it is also true that the fundamental unity of the earth is an attractive force compelling all life from man down to the lowest or simplest forms of life—even to the molecule—toward like forms.

The collectivity that Dostoevsky foresaw as the spirit of the earth is, in Chardin's words, "essentially unlovable. That is where philanthropic systems break down. . . . It is impossible to give oneself to anonymous numbers." The mechanized millions of Communism are, in fact, reversing the upsurge of consciousness, accomplishing little more than expanding in numbers but not in depth: it is "the crystal instead of the the cell; the anthill instead of brotherhood."

To accept the society described in Skinner's *Walden Two* is to accept a fixed point in the ascent toward consciousness; it is to assume that man is *only* a superior animal. Chardin points out that those who maintain the spiritual transcendence of man over the animal kingdom are right. But the materialists are not wrong when they assert that man is merely a further extension of animal forms. Man must be accepted as something other, a "highly natural phenomenon of the 'change of state' "! What new thought, new poetry, new literature can come from the socially conditioned, too well adjusted citizens of a *Walden Two*? Can there be an ascent of consciousness here?

Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* remains a remarkable work in many respects. The author presented the epic of man in one family: the animal-man in Fyodor, the emotional man in Dmitri, the intellectual man in Ivan, and the spiritual man in Alyosha. In what way was his vision lacking?

The reason can be inferred from the unity of parts described by Chardin. Dostoevsky sensed with foreboding the infringement of science on the realms of spirit; he deplored the attitudes of the younger, more scientifically inclined groups in Russia, the new science of economics preached in England and spread by eager disciples in Europe. But Chardin has not disparaged the efforts of science; rather he has been a most zealous supporter of science. He has always insisted that knowledge makes its greatest advances—and here he paraphrases William James—when confronted by particular problems needing solutions, that the most sublime theories "drift rootless on the flood of human thought if they had not been promptly incorporated into some way of mastering the world."

HERE in *The Phenomenon of Man* is the evolutionary theory of man, matter, and spirit fused into one, leading toward an ascent to higher consciousness. He would marshal all the forces of science toward the development of man. But Chardin adds more than the inclusion of science to the vision afforded by Dostoevsky. In the unity of the universe the modern Christian can find a prayer:

> To be able to say literally to God that one loves Him, not only with all one's body, all one's heart and all one's soul, but with every fiber of the unifying universe—that is a prayer that can only be made in space-time.

The challenge to Christianity is obvious when Chardin asks, "Is not the Christian faith destined, is it not preparing, to save and even to take the place of evolution?"

And here, too, is the dilemma of the modern Christian. He can decide on retrenchment, hoping to forestall the infringements of science—of psychiatry and psychology and biology—in his world of spirit. He can revive the old battle against the Freuds and Jameses and Skinners and those who will continue to work with man and his world. He can isolate himself from the others . . . *or* he can in a spiritually converging world acquire a "Christic urgency and intensity of another order altogether."

And indeed a larger vision is imperative, for the spirit of the earth is retrograding toward materialism and collectivity. Can any Christian say, "Good Lord, it's no business of mine"?

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THE WRITER AS CRAFTSMAN

The Literary Heroism of Hamilton Basso

Hamilton Basso—mischief, warmth, and meticulous care.

By MALCOLM COWLEY

WHEN I heard that Hamilton Basso was dead, I thought about his particular combination of courage, mischief, warmth—those great *embrazos* he gave you!—restlessness, intellectual curiosity, kindness to younger persons, and, above all, devotion to his craft. Then I remembered my first visit to the Bassos, in the summer of 1934.

At the time I had been reading his second novel, *Cinammon Seed*. It isn't a good novel, for Ham when he wrote it was a young man still learning his craft, but it expresses such a warmth of feeling for his native Louisiana that I couldn't help sending him a letter about it. The result was an invitation to the Cowleys—or did we invite ourselves?—to spend a few days with the Bassos where they were then living, near Pisgah Forest, North Carolina. We came, we walked in the woods under the house-high rhododendrons in bloom, we drove to Caesar's Head—not Pompey's Head—for a view over fifty miles of cotton fields, we climbed Mt. Pisgah, and Ham told me something about his early life.

He was born in New Orleans and went to public school there, when he wasn't reading at home or playing on the wharves with the tough kids; sometimes they dived for bananas thrown overboard from United Fruit steamers. Then he spent four years at Tulane University Law School, though he got tired of law and stopped attending classes a few months before he would have graduated. He worked for three New Orleans newspapers; he wrote a first novel, *Relics and Angels*—duly published, but not read; and he went around with the crowd that contributed to the *Double Dealer*, which included Sherwood Anderson, William Faulkner, and other temporary Creoles.

In 1930 he married Toto—that is, Etolia Simmons—stealing her away from twenty or thirty young lawyers and newspapermen who had the same glint in their eyes. In 1932 they moved to the North Carolina mountains, where they planned to live on next to nothing a year while Ham, book by book, would conquer the literary world. The first book in his program, a life of General Beauregard, was a critical success but a financial disaster, for it appeared in that week of March 1933 when all the banks were closed. Immediately Ham set to work on *Cinammon Seed*, which was published with a little more success the following year.

IN 1935 the Bassos moved to New York, and Ham joined the staff of the *New Republic*, where I was then literary editor. He enjoyed writing for the paper, but he never liked to move in literary circles, notwithstanding his fondness for many writers as individuals. "There was too much pretentiousness," he said through one of his characters, the hero of *Courthouse Square*, "and too much being something you were not. . . . It was better to get off in your own room and be your own self and do your own work, and if that imposed the penalty of loneliness, of walking lonely through the streets and talking to bums and chippies and panhandlers and cabdrivers and the tough guys who hang around the Garden, it was more heartening and satisfactory in the end. . . . You felt that if a buzzsaw ripped them open something more would come out than a string of verbs and adjectives."

Working in his lonely room, whether in New York or somewhere in the Carolinas—for the Bassos kept moving from South to North to South—Ham was then producing a novel almost every year: *In Their Own Image* (1935); *Courthouse Square* (1936); *Days Before Lent* (1939); *Wine of the Country* (1941); and *Sun in Capricorn* (1942). Each was better constructed, more dramatic, and had a higher finish than the novel that preceded it; he had a passion for learning his craft. None of the novels was autobiographical, but the central character in almost all was a man involved in the author's dilemma of being a Southerner deeply attached to the South and to the soil, yet repelled by what Ham was the first to call Southern Shintoism—while also being repelled by the coldness and impersonality of the North; he was a man who couldn't, and yet must, go home again. It was a dilemma that would find its most compelling expression in his longest and most successful novel, written many years later, *The View from Pompey's Head*.

But there was—besides his love for crotchety human beings and his interest in private conflicts that burst into public violence, as in *Courthouse Square* and *Sun in Capricorn* (the South has more of those conflicts than the North, and that helps to explain why so much of

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our powerful fiction has been Southern)—there was still another quality that distinguished his work from the beginning. Ham took an organic view of human society and its future on this planet. Some of his favorite light reading was books on anthropology. When I thumbed through his novels once again, in the Cornell University Library, I found that some of his readers had been impressed by this anthropological approach and had underlined their favorite passages. One of those marked in *Days Before Lent* was a speech by old Dr. Gomez, a Central American revolutionist exiled from his country:

> Here these people are gloating [Dr. Gomez says] because a way has been found to grow vegetables in chemicals. They are practically dancing in the streets because they think that, in time, large populations may be supported without the help of the earth. It is another great stride, they say, in the conquest of nature. . . . Do they not understand that as man subdues nature he subdues himself—that man, being an animal, is as dependent upon the operation of natural laws as an amoeba or a frog? . . . Certain balances cannot be destroyed without destroying a species. . . . Let the balance necessary to man's existence be destroyed, and it is quite possible that he will go the way of the wild horse and the white-tailed gnu.

The feeling that certain balances must not be destroyed is in the background of Ham's novels, helping to shape their plots.

After 1942 the novels appeared at longer intervals. He had always been a careful writer, but now he became excessively careful. He felt a continual need to challenge himself, to prove himself, to surpass himself. "It crawls along," he told me in 1947 when he was working on *The Greenroom*, finally published in 1949. The letter continued, "It's bad when the creative and critical lobes are working at the same time. And then, too, there is my increasing reluctance to publish—my indifference, really. But I'm saying this badly. All I mean is that I can't see the point of publishing another novel (or just another novel). The bilge we get these days! So it has to be good enough, in itself, to be a protest against the bilge."

At some point toward the end of every novel, Ham would begin to suffer from physical complaints, often serious. They were extremely serious when he was trying to finish *The View from Pompey's Head*, in the spring of 1953. "Yes, I'm over the meningitis episode (and don't tell me *that* was mumps!)," he wrote me, "but I'm afraid that I haven't come to the end of my run yet, boring though it must be to all my friends. What now? Well, a week after I got out of the hospital, I thought I'd better do something about getting our place in order"—by then the Bassos were permanently established in Weston, Connecticut, where Ham was an active member of the school board—"so I went out and worked up a good sweat and put myself back in bed again . . . more pains in this battered thing I call my head, and a few more pounds of terramycin, etc. I could manage to be more cheerful about it were it not that the period from January 1 was the time I had set aside to finish my book."

When he was finally convalescent, but not ready to go back to the book—whichever one it was—he would travel to some little-known part of the globe, partly to re-establish his health, but partly, too, as an expression of his inveterate restlessness and curiosity about people. One would next hear of him in Lapland, or among the Maroons of Jamaica, or the Polynesians, or the grandchildren of the Confederate exiles in central Brazil; he was welcomed everywhere and left friends behind him. But soon he would be back in Weston, with that enormous warmth of his and those great *embrazos*, besides amazing stories of his travels, which would later appear in *Holiday* or the *New Yorker*. As for the novel, it would be finished at last with meticulous care, the final manuscript from his typewriter always looking as if it had been copied by a professional typist. Ham told me once that if a single word seemed wrong, something impelled him to redo the whole page and make improvements.

His last novel, *A Touch of the Dragon*, was the hardest to complete, and the illness that interrupted it was not merely serious but fatal. There was no time before the end of it for any but imaginary travels. The last pages were written in October, when he was already under sentence of death, but they give no hint of his deathly fatigue; they are, they had to be, as perfectly finished as anything he had ever consented to publish. In view of his medical history, one has reason to say that he sacrificed his life to his passion for honest craftsmanship. The work came first, and living second. Like his friend Thomas Wolfe, he was a hero and martyr of the act of writing.

Chess Corner — No. 92

USING the Pawn as a unit of one for the purpose of evaluation, the Rook equals five, the Bishop or Knight three, and the Queen nine. But such values can be misleading. Theoretical enumerations go by the board with the demands of the position.

In this King's Indian Defense (Roberto Nazzari, Uruguay, *vs.* Emil Karastoichev, former champion of Bulgaria) a timely sacrifice saves a desperate plight and a muffed one throws the game away.

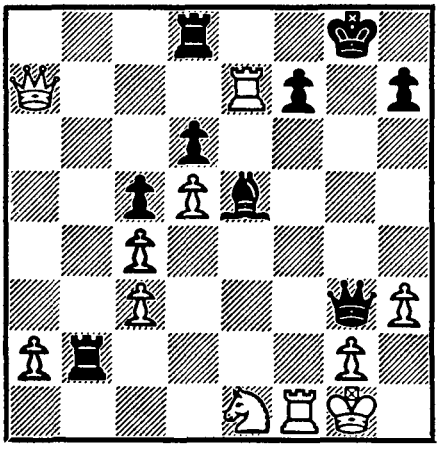
To begin with, White assumes an attacking stance, and with 16 P-B5 gives up a Pawn to further his ends. Black returns the Pawn and proposes a swap of Queens with 20 . . . Q-B3, which White correctly rejects.

With 25 . . . Q-N6 the game seems over. For 26 . . . B-K4 prepares the final, decisive invasion. But 27 RxB temporarily staves off mate.

The moves 30 K-R2 and 30 . . . R/7-N1 are an exchange of courtesies. Unwittingly each side has blundered. 30 K-R2 permits 30 . . . RxPch 31 KxR, R-Nlch, winning; whereas 30 K-R1 would have won.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Nazzari White	Karastoichev Black	Nazzari White	Karastoichev Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	14 Q-Q2	R-K1
2 P-QB4	P-KN3	15 B-Q3	N-B3
3 N-QB3	B-N2	16 P-B5	BxP
4 P-K4	P-Q3	17 BxB	PxB
5 B-K2	P-B4	18 Q-N5	N-K5
6 P-Q5	P-K3	19 QxP	NxN
7 P-B4	PxP	20 PxN	Q-B3
8 KPxP	O-O	21 Q-Q7	KR-Q1
9 N-B3	R-K1	22 QxNP	Q-B5
10 O-O	N-N5	23 R-K7	QR-N1
11 R-K1	N-Q2	24 QxP	R-N7
12 P-KR3	N-K6	25 R-KB1	Q-N6
13 BxN	RxB	26 N-K1	B-K4



27 RxB	QxR	30 K-R2	R/7-N1
28 QxPch	K-R1	31 Q-B8ch	K-N1
29 N-Q3	Q-K6ch	32 R-B3	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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Geneva: Progress and Problems

By HOMER A. JACK, *executive director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and a frequent observer at the Geneva disarmament conferences.*

EACH Tuesday and Thursday at 10:30 A.M. in the Palais des Nations at Geneva, seventeen ambassadors and their advisers gather around a large rectangular table to negotiate disarmament. Daily political events as well as larger world trends are reflected in the discussions of these representatives from both nuclear and non-nuclear powers. One chair remains empty and fresh water is placed in the decanter in front of it twice a week in the hope that someday President de Gaulle's representative will participate.

The conference of the Eighteen-Nation Committee on Disarmament (routinely called ENDC in U.N. circles) has been in session for just over two years. Indeed, the U.S. and the USSR have been trying to negotiate nuclear and conventional disarmament at one forum or another since 1946. The ten-nation disarmament conference collapsed shortly after the ill-fated Summit of June 1960. The three-nation test-ban conference ended, after 353 futile negotiating sessions, in January 1962.

ENDC began in March 1962 under more auspicious circumstances. Eight nonaligned nations were invited for the first time to participate in disarmament talks: Brazil, Burma, Ethiopia, India, Mexico, Nigeria, Sweden, and the UAR. These eight were added to five Western states (the U.S., the U.K., France, Canada, and Italy) and five Communist states (the USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria). Earlier the two nuclear giants had approved the Joint Statement on Agreed Principles for disarmament negotiations. On the eve of the beginning of ENDC the U.N. released a unanimous experts' report affirming that there need be no disastrous social and economic consequences of disarmament.

Under these auspices, ENDC opened on March 14, 1962, on a foreign ministers level. Its plenary sessions have discussed the Soviet and American draft treaties on general and complete disarmament. Its test-ban subcommittee tried to find new agreements. Its short-lived Committee of the Whole discussed other collateral or partial disarmament measures. To date, ENDC has held approximately 190 plenary meetings, fifty subcommittee meetings, and nine sessions of its Committee of the Whole. In the process, millions of words have been spoken—and duly transcribed in four languages—and many diplomats have arrived and departed. The chief Mexican delegate was elevated to a justice on the World Court; the Indian delegate departed to become a professor at Cornell University; an American delegate left to return to a Wall Street law practice; and a Brazilian was deprived of his position and his political rights after a coup d'etat.

What have been the accomplishments of ENDC in its more than twenty-seven months of existence? It must be admitted that the conference has not managed to destroy a single bomb or demobilize a single soldier.

Yet ENDC has been the source of five important collateral disarmament measures inside a single twelve-month period: 1) Geneva produced the hot-line agreement that opened a communications link between Moscow and Washington to help prevent war by failure of communication; 2) ENDC provided a forum for detailed discussions of a test-ban treaty so that when both sides were ready politically to sign a treaty, the technical aspects had been sufficiently explored for an agreement to be initialed after only ten days' discussion in Moscow; 3) ENDC was also the parent of the joint intention by the U.S. and USSR, registered in a U.N. resolution in October 1963, not to orbit weapons of mass destruction in outer space; 4) in December 1963 both the U.S. and the USSR agreed, without formal negotiations or a treaty, to cut their 1964 defense budgets; 5) in April 1964 both nuclear giants also agreed, again without a treaty, to cut their production of plutonium. Both the cuts in budgets and plutonium were repeatedly discussed in Geneva, although these unilateral measures (Mr. Khrushchev called them disarmament by mutual example) were ultimately worked out in Moscow and Washington.

THE Geneva Conference has had its shortcomings. France continues to refuse to attend and is readying new nuclear testing grounds in the South Pacific. China has never been invited, and it is hard to feel that the negotia-

(Continued on page 70)

"Gary, when are you going to give up this foolishness and come home?"

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What the U. N. Can Do—If It Will

Editor's note: *The author of the following guest editorial is director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina.*

THE initiation by the United Nations of two more peace-keeping operations—in Cyprus and on the South Vietnam-Cambodia border—supplies a good occasion for reminding ourselves of the changed character of the peace-keeping task since World War II.

We have all heard people say: "What good is the U.N. if it cannot stop a major power from launching a nuclear attack?" Or, "If the land armies of the Soviet Union started crunching across Central Europe, what could those fifteen judges in the World Court do to stop them?"

The answer is: that is not the way wars start now.

Since 1945 there has been a marked downturn in the prospect of direct armed conflict between major powers—and a marked upsurge in direct armed conflict between smaller countries.

The reason for the former is the nuclear deadlock. The reason for the latter is the breakup of the colonial empires. Whatever else may be said of colonialism, it necessarily minimized the opportunities for military clashes among its component parts. Now, with dozens of new nation-states free to arm themselves, with ancient hatreds—communal, religious, tribal—unrestrained by a strong colonial power, and with the major powers as willing as in the past to fish in such troubled waters, the main everyday peace-keeping job has changed.

The significance of this fact is that the United Nations, even with its present limitations, has the techniques and the power to deal with such conflicts—always assuming that its members want it to do so. We can therefore spend less time worrying about the U.N.'s obvious inability to coerce a nuclear power bent on direct military aggression, and more time exploiting techniques for controlling the local conflicts that are a prime threat to peace, because almost all of them have the capacity for exploding into major wars.

The U.N.'s peace-keeping techniques have been devised—indeed, one might almost say improvised—to meet a variety of demands during the past eighteen years. Enough experience has now been gained to make it useful to sort these techniques into categories, so that when situations like Cyprus and South Vietnam come along, the existence of precedents will facilitate prompt adoption of suitable devices. A checklist of these techniques, in descending order of forcefulness, would include:

Regular fighting force: Under direct U.N. command, authorized by Security Council, to control internal disorder containing threat to international peace: U.N. force in the Congo (ONUC). Under U.N. aegis but national command, authorized by Security Council, to resist aggression: Korean action.

Armed buffer force and border patrol: Under direct U.N. command, authorized by General Assembly, to separate hostile forces of Israel and Egypt: United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF).

Control of subversive border crossings: Authorized by General Assembly, to observe and report on compliance with resolutions calling for end of aid to Communist guerrillas in Greek Civil War: the U.N. Special Committee on the Balkans (UNSCOB). Authorized by Security Council, to check on illegal infiltrations into Lebanon to foment revolt: the U.N. Observer Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL). Authorized by Security Council, and financed by the parties, to eliminate foreign involvement in Yemeni civil war: United Nations Yemen Observation Mission (UNYOM).

Truce supervision: Authorized by Security Council, to observe compliance with cease-fire between India and Pakistan in Kashmir: United Nations Commission for India and Pakistan (UNCIP). Authorized by Security Council, to report on observance of General Armistice Agreements between Israel and Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria: U.N. Truce Supervision Organization (UNTSO).

Territorial administration: Established by Secretary-General, authorized by General Assembly, and financed by the parties, to administer territory of West Irian (West New Guinea) during transfer from Netherlands to Indonesia, supported by an armed U.N. police force: U.N. Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA).

ONE value of this kind of checklist is that it demonstrates that, even without looking beyond tried techniques, the U.N. can today piece together the components necessary to cope with a wide variety of contingencies. Is the problem one of subversive crossing of borders, as in South Vietnam? We have the precedent of the Lebanon action—and it is gratifying that the beginnings of a control action appear to have been undertaken in respect to South Vietnam's border with Cambodia. Is the problem one of maintaining a cease-fire, as in Cyprus? There are the lessons of Kashmir and the Middle East. Is the problem lack of money, as in every current action? There is the device of having individual parties or contributing countries pay the bill, as in Korea, Yemen, West Irian, and Cyprus. Is the problem inability to get Security Council action? There are the precedents of UNEF, the Greek action, and the West Irian action for General Assembly action.

If there is a problem, then, of effective use by members of U.N. facilities to control this type of conflict, the problem is not "can't"—it is "won't." It is to be hoped that this "won't" will steadily recede as all nations, particularly the major powers, fully comprehend the mutuality of their interest in the systematic control of any apparently minor or local armed conflict that could escalate into general war.

—Arthur Larson.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Garbage in the Air

N.C.'s INTEREST IN air pollution in the United States [*SR*, June 6] is useful in adding to the "atmosphere of concern" and making it less fashionable to be an air polluter at home, at work, or on the way to and from. The present low percentage of sales expended by the owners of the sources of air pollution need be increased only slightly. The added price to the customers for clean air will always be very small in relation to the costs of dirty air. The government tax costs for air pollution control, ordinary fact-finding, and research might be equal to the cost of one or two car washes per year.

But it seems that every community and high level of government requires at least one man or woman who has no ax to grind and will devote concentrated attention and personal time to push for cleaner air. The impact of such an individual on lethargy or diffused responsibility is astounding whenever it takes place.

BENJAMIN LINSKY, Professor,
Sanitary Engineering (Air Pollution),
Department of Civil Engineering,
West Virginia University.
Morgantown, W. Va.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Garbage in the Air" provided some much-needed focus for the "brooding omnipresence" that is air pollution. He might have added that local and state governmental expenditures for abatement and control of air pollution in 1963 were a mere $12,000,000, half of which was used in California.

By way of correction and balance, let it be pointed out that the U.S. Surgeon General has produced reports on air pollution and has conducted two national conferences of experts, in 1958 and 1962. A principal conclusion of the 1962 conference was that the chief contributor to air pollution is the motor vehicle. Also, to ignore the leading and informed efforts of Senator Edmund Muskie, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, is unfortunate. For Senator Muskie, far more than any other Senator, has been responsible for bringing together information and reactions from all over the country through the hearings he has conducted in the past nine months. Moreover, he was the chief backer of the Clean Air Act, signed into law last December, which for the first time gives the federal government limited enforcement powers to deal with interstate air pollution problems.

JAMES P. ANDERSON.
Winsted, Conn.

Unanswered Questions

THREE CHEERS TO Henry Brandon [STATE OF AFFAIRS, May 9] for bringing up the worldwide suspicion about who or what really killed the late President Kennedy. Lest the U.S. public be lulled into believing that all is clear now and that the world shares its conviction, I present a few observations from the other side of the Pacific.

1. Despite the strenuous efforts of some to impose upon the world the Oswald-alone-was-the-villain concept, nobody here seems satisfied. Or, rather, we aren't questioning much, which is still worse; there seems to prevail an unuttered understanding to the effect that "What veracity can you expect from American sources on this kind of matter?"

2. A mass-circulation monthly magazine here a couple of months ago carried an article by an American journalist that attributed the incident to a carefully plotted conspiracy and three well-prepared killers. It was claimed that the article was shunned by American journalism and was published only outside the U.S.

3. The Tokyo chief of the Associated Press wrote a rebuttal to the above article in a major daily newspaper. While maintaining the same "Oswald is *the* killer" tone, he contradicted other accounts at several critical points, such as the time it took the killer to fire the three shots and the reason the third bullet entered the President's body from the front, not back.

4. I have on my desk a copy of the November 20, 1963, issue of the *Christian Century*, with a headline reading "Dallas Image Unveiled." Ominously dated only two days before the assassination, it relates the kind of climate Dallas had been in: General Edwin Walker telling the cheering crowd that "the Communists and Alger Hiss and that crowd" started the U.N.; Ambassador Stevenson harassed, booed, spat upon, and hit on the head; the Dallas *Morning News* choosing not to identify the hecklers as "rightists"; Congressman Bruce Alger flatly refusing to apologize "for a community that has done no wrong"; and the general public's complacent silence except "only when the Dallas image as a city hospitable to business enterprise is threatened."

5. After all these, and with due respect for the statement of Elmo Roper [*SR*, May 9] that the truer face of America is law-abiding (who questions *that*?), it should still strain anybody's conscience if, whoever the killer may be, he alone were held responsible and all the rest remained innocent and happy—as if the killer were only an unfortunate exception in a basically sane and healthy climate.

I most sincerely hope that the Presidential commission will do its utmost to clear once and for all the lingering odor of suspicion and whitewashing. No assassination of an American President is a mere U.S. domestic affair. This is inevitably an event of global significance, and the world needs to be convinced.

TETSUO TAMAMA.
Osaka, Japan

The Boozy Blue Yonder

AS AN AIRLINE PILOT, I heartily agree with John Ciardi's remarks regarding the quality of airline coffee [*SR*, June 6], and I quail at the prospect of another two decades spent in drinking it.

However, his view on unlimited, indiscriminate drinking by passengers is irresponsible. I have experienced one occasion in which a drunk staggered into the cockpit and sprawled himself over me during take-off, and the prospect of this happening again makes me shudder. Surely if the flight crew can manage to abstain from alcohol for twenty-four hours before a flight, John Ciardi can struggle without a drink for the duration of it.

And if, as he admits, his lecture tours are so lucrative, why is he flying steerage anyway?

GEORGE A. FULFORD.
El Segundo, Calif.

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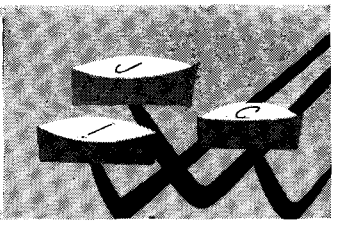
Manner of Speaking



The Monster Den: Jonnel's Column: I got myself into trouble last December when I did a column for Benn's birthday. I had no more than unlocked the cage and sidled into my monster den, slamming the iron-barred door behind me as I had had to promise the neighbors I would on condition that they put out the fire under the tar kettle and stop hoarding feathers, when Myra and Jonnel were on me to claw from me a promise that I would do columns for *their* birthdays.

A man with his skin coming off in a dozen different places is in no condition for lengthy debate. I promised.

Then I got myself into more trouble. I was away riding airplanes all of March (in which Jonnel had his birthday), all of April (in which we had none), and most of May (in which Myra had hers). Not only did I miss the birthday deadlines for my two promises, but I got so far behind that I had to skip my column entirely for four weeks while I raced to get caught up with my neglected desk.

A promise is a promise, however, and in return for various bribes I have wrung Jonnel's and Myra's permission to be late, since I must be anyway. And since Jonnel's birthday came first, I shall write his column now and Myra's next week.

Just to make sure he knew the poem would be about him, I made up an acrostic for Jonnel, who turns out, as you will see, to be John Lyle Pritchett when he is entirely assembled, which is seldom.

TIME LEAVES NO TIME WHEN YOU'RE A BOY

Just being a boy takes all (about)
Of every day and half the night
Hurrying off, on, by, in, out,
Near, far, around, through, left,
and right.

Learning never to say *"please,*
Yessir, thank you, how are you?"
Leaves little time for climbing trees,
Eating, and things you *have* to do.

Put yourself in a boy's shoes—
Remember (or shall I remind you?)
It takes time to learn to lose
Things that are right behind you,
Close a door so that it blows
Half off the hinges, never eat
Except between meals. —Goodness
knows
That takes time. And, I repeat,
Time leaves no time as a boy grows.

Well, Jonnel wasn't entirely sure that was great enough, the subject considered, so I had to explain to him that I am a minor poet and have no choice but to take the universe in little pieces. "Well, can you at least be funny?" he said.

I wasn't at all sure I could be, but I said I'd try, and what I came up with was:

SPEED ADJUSTMENTS

A man stopped by and he wanted
to know
Why my son John had become
so slow.

I looked out the window and there
was John
Running so fast he had been and
gone
Before I saw him. "Look at
him go!"
I said to the man. "Do you call
that slow?"

"He seems to be fast when he
wants to be,"
The man said. "He appears to be
One of those two-speed boys.
You know—
Sometimes fast, and sometimes
slow.
He can run a mile in nothing flat.
He can run right out from under
his hat
When there's nowhere, really, to
go. And yet
That very same boy that's as fast
as a jet
Will take all day—and sometimes
two—
To get to school. I'm sure that you
Send him to school. But yesterday
He didn't arrive. And all he would
say
Was, yes, he started at half-past
eight
But it took so long he got there
late."

"How late?" said I.
Said the man, "A day."

"I see," said I, "and I think I can
say
He won't be late again. He needs
A little adjustment of his speeds,
And I'm sure I know the place
to adjust."

"Well, then," said he, "that's that,
and I must
Be on my way."
"Thank you," said I.
"If you see John as you go by
Would you be so good as to send
him in?
There is never a better time to
begin
A speed adjustment than right
away."

"Agreed, and I will," said the man.
"Good day."

And just a few minutes after that
In came John and down he sat:
"You wanted to see me, I
understand?"

"I did and I do. But you'll have
to stand—
At least at first—for what I need.
I'm going to have to adjust your
speed.
And when I'm through adjusting it,
I think you won't much care to sit.
Do you know what I mean?"
"Oh, oh," said he,
"I'm afraid I do. Is it going to be
Terribly long before you're
through?"

"Why, not at all," said I. "Like you,
I can be speedy sometimes, too."

And soon after that his speed was
adjusted.
And also the seat of his pants was
dusted.
It was busy work, but it didn't
take long,
Though I double-checked as I
went along
Just to make sure there was
nothing wrong.

And whatever *was* wrong, I set it
straight,
For since that time he hasn't been
late.

I guess Jonnel liked it, because when I showed it to him he read it through and said, "That's as funny as a screen door on a submarine." Which strikes me as a rather funny thing to have on a submarine. And then he said something I am not sure I understand, though it seemed nice of him to seem to be grateful.

"But thanks anyway," he added.

It's the force of that "but" I am not entirely sure of. It occurs to me that I might help him review his grammar this summer. —JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Reactions of a Reading Man

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WE HAVE no one in this country quite like V. S. Pritchett, author of *The Living Novel and Later Appreciations* (Random House, $6.95). We have serious, scholarly critics who write long and more or less profound essays on writers, past and present, and on literary tendencies; and we have book reviewers. Pritchett is more than a reviewer and different from, if not necessarily less than, the scholarly critic. He is a literary essayist, writing brief pieces, usually not more than ten pages, on authors and books that interest him. Some thirty of them, most of which had appeared in the *New Statesman*, were collected in 1947 under the title *The Living Novel*. The new book contains these essays and twenty-seven others. Forty pieces are devoted to English and American novelists, mostly English, while the others discuss European writers, especially French and Russian.

Pritchett's great quality, it seems to me, is his ability to keep his eye on his subject. Though he is willing enough to make a generalization when one seems relevant, it is always the individual author that interests him. To each book he picks up to read or reread he gives himself completely. Some critics seem to find reading a painful experience, but not Pritchett. Although he is quick to point out faults, he enjoys the pleasure of praising, and again and again he makes one want to read or reread the book he is discussing.

The essays are arranged in roughly chronological order, beginning with Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, coming down through Scott, Dickens, and Meredith, to Nathanael West, Lawrence Durrell, and William Golding. He examines both well-known writers and obscure ones such as Thomas Day, Thomas Hood, John Galt, and J. Meade Falkner. Among the French writers considered are Balzac, Hugo, and Anatole France; among the Russians Gorky, Shchedrin, Goncharov, and Leskov.

In his essay on George Eliot, Pritchett says, "One must judge a novel on its own terms," and this is the foundation of his critical method. He amplifies in talking about Dickens:

> To me it is a perversion of criticism to suggest that you can have the virtues of a writer without his vices, and the discovery of Dickens's failures does not make his achievement less. I swallow Dickens whole and put up with the indigestion. I confess I am not greatly interested in the literary criticism which tells me where he is good and where he is bad. I am glad to be instructed; but for us, at the present time, I think there is far more value in trying to appreciate the nature of his creative vitality and the experience that fed it—a vitality notably lacking in our own fiction.

As this passage suggests, Pritchett is a vigorous, straightforward, unpretentious, unfancy writer; but he has his stylistic resources, and he can state his conclusions in epigrammatic fashion. Here he is on Galsworthy:

> He slaved away, like a Forsyte at the office, until he attained a nonstop facility which was his personal triumph and, in the end, his downfall.

As I have said, he is not afraid of a bold generalization if it grows out of his discussion and is not imposed upon it.

He calls his essay on Goncharov's *Oblomov* "The Great Absentee," and suggests that if literature, like the Catholic Church, added a new saint in every generation, Oblomov might be our man:

> Not the propagandising figure of Don Quixote, not the innocent Pickwick; certainly not Robinson Crusoe, that too industrious town planner running-up a new society. The function of the saints is to assuage the wishes of the unconscious, to appeal to that part of a man which is least apparent to himself, and today we must turn away from the heroic, the energetic, expansive and productive characters. Falstaff the coward, Oblomov the sublime sluggard and absentee, seem to me our natural candidates. Oblomov above all.

He can introduce an effective figure

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of speech when it serves his purpose:

> Dostoevsky at his best writes like a hunted man who, for the moment, has fooled the bloodhounds and has time to confess and to laugh before the baying drives him on again. He is laughing hotly from the midst of experience. He is not laughing in order to forget it.

Without specifically replying to those critics who have said that the novel was dying, if not dead, Pritchett affirms the vitality of the form. (He is himself the author of six or seven novels of considerable power.) Although he spends much of his time on earlier writers, he discusses with authority the fiction of the twentieth century. He has, for instance, some fine things to say about the scientific romances of H. G. Wells. He is hard on D. H. Lawrence and Lawrence Durrell, which suggests limitations in his range of appreciation. On the other hand, he sees clearly the virtues of Nathanael West, and he writes perceptively on Anthony Powell. I wish that he talked about more American novelists – West and Edith Wharton stand alone—for we could profit from his kind of criticism.

He is thoroughly aware of the uncertainties of our age. "It is a long time now," he begins one essay, "since the earth seemed solid under the feet to our novelists." But he has an unshakeable belief in human dignity, and can look through the literature of despair and find an underlying hope. He quotes Prince Mirsky as saying that Gorky, in spite of his superficial pessimism, recognized that "the redeeming points which may and must save humanity are enlightenment, beauty and sympathy." Pritchett goes on: "This is the optimism native to all artists which is always more important than what they *think* they believe and is frequently at complete variance with it." He makes the same point in an essay on Samuel Beckett: "He is a considerable, muttering, comic writer, and although he conveys unbearable pain, he also conveys the element of sardonic tenacity and danger that lies at the heart of the comic gift."

Pritchett belongs to no school. He is as scrupulous a student of the text as any New Critic, but he by no means scorns whatever aid other critical methods may give. He is interested in authors as human beings, and he writes about them as well as their books. He is a tough-minded man, quite incapable of gush, but his essays are written with gusto. His style, which is absolutely free from jargon, is always lucid and sometimes eloquent. He is man reading and writing and doing both well.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Late President on the Podium

The Burden and the Glory, *by John F. Kennedy (Harper & Row. 293 pp. $4.95), has been edited by Allan Nevins to reveal, through a selection of the late President's speeches, how Mr. Kennedy tried to get the public to rethink traditional attitudes. Among Walter Johnson's books is "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."*

By WALTER JOHNSON

IN HIS foreword to *The Burden and the Glory,* President Johnson comments that ". . . the speeches and statements of John Fitzgerald Kennedy are among the richest legacies he left us. They offer thoughtful guidance to the solution of almost every major problem. They provide wisdom from the past which can enlighten the future. And they remind us all of our unfinished tasks—the heights we have climbed and the summits that still lie ahead."

Professor Allan Nevins has selected for this volume and commented briefly on important speeches of 1962 and 1963 that illustrate how the President tried to educate the American people about the changed position of the nation in the world, how he tried to explain the means of achieving economic growth to a people who were still largely pre-Keynesian in thought, and attempted to arouse the majority to a sensitivity for civil rights.

But, despite the admirable rhetoric, a minimum was accomplished. Richard Rovere has observed that history would judge President Kennedy not for what he actually completed but for what he set into "motion, the energies he released, the people and ideas he encouraged, the style he brought to the Presidency."

Some analysts have tried to blame the minimum of accomplishment, despite the creditable attempt to force the public to rethink traditional attitudes, on the obstinacy of Congress. (And obstinate it certainly was.) Professor Nevins states in his introduction to *The Burden and the Glory*: "At the end of his White House years some of his best hopes were still unfulfilled, primarily because his urgent aims were so numerous, because his reach exceeded his grasp. But in how much, at the same time, he had succeeded!"

It seems to me that this point of view obscures the basic flaw in the Kennedy approach to government. Senator Kennedy rose to power quickly and with decisiveness by using the traditional methods of American politics. Then, in the Presidency, he continued to believe that progress could be made by maneuvering within the traditional system rather than by changing aspects of it. But the appointment of federal judges palatable to the Senator Eastlands could not secure a civil rights bill, federal aid to education, medical care under social security, or even a new tax bill. Such appointments could only undermine the effectiveness of his proposed progressive legislation.

Both the Congress and the two political parties have needed a revitalization for some time. There have been far too many safe one-party districts that have re-elected time after time men who were unresponsive to the urgent problems facing American society. And, entrenched through the seniority system of Congress, they have blocked or delayed needed legislation.

During the Administrations of Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy the Supreme Court in its civil rights decisions, as well as the decisions requiring the redistricting of state legislatures and the House of Representatives, has done more to carry "the burden and the glory" than the White House.

In the last few years a President was required who, through a steady campaign of education, could rally public support to force Congress to alter its ways. Most important of all was the long overdue democratization and vitalizing of the national government. As James MacGregor Burns wrote last year in his thoughtful book *The Deadlock of Democracy,* "Certainly any man who grasped the nettle by the thorn, who staked his political hopes and reputation on a major advance in democratic government, as Lloyd George did in 1910 and Franklin Roosevelt in 1937, who inscribed his ideals of democratic government on the statute books of his country—such a man would have written for himself an imperishable new profile in courage."

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How Central Is Our Intelligence?

The Invisible Government, *by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross (Random House. 375 pp. $5.95), explores the dark corners of the American secret intelligence apparatus. Harry Howe Ransom, Vanderbilt University political scientist, has written on the same subject in his books "Central Intelligence and National Security" and "Can American Democracy Survive Cold War?"*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

SIX WEEKS before his death President Kennedy denied flatly that the Central Intelligence Agency was operating independently in secret maneuvers overseas. Referring to Viet Nam, he asserted that CIA was under "close control" and was functioning "under my instructions." The President, who as a Senator had voted unsuccessfully in 1956 to establish a Joint Congressional Committee on Intelligence, also said he was "well satisfied" with existing controls over CIA.

Shortly before he died, however, Kennedy called for the creation of a Presidential task force to survey America's world-wide intelligence activities, hoping to effectuate greater coordination and efficiency. It remained for Lyndon B. Johnson, who had voted against the Joint Congressional Committee in 1956, to constitute this special task force and receive its report. Neither Congress nor the public is likely to learn details of its findings or of actions taken to remedy deficiencies. Doubts remain about the adequacy of responsible control. Similar doubts prompted the writing of this book.

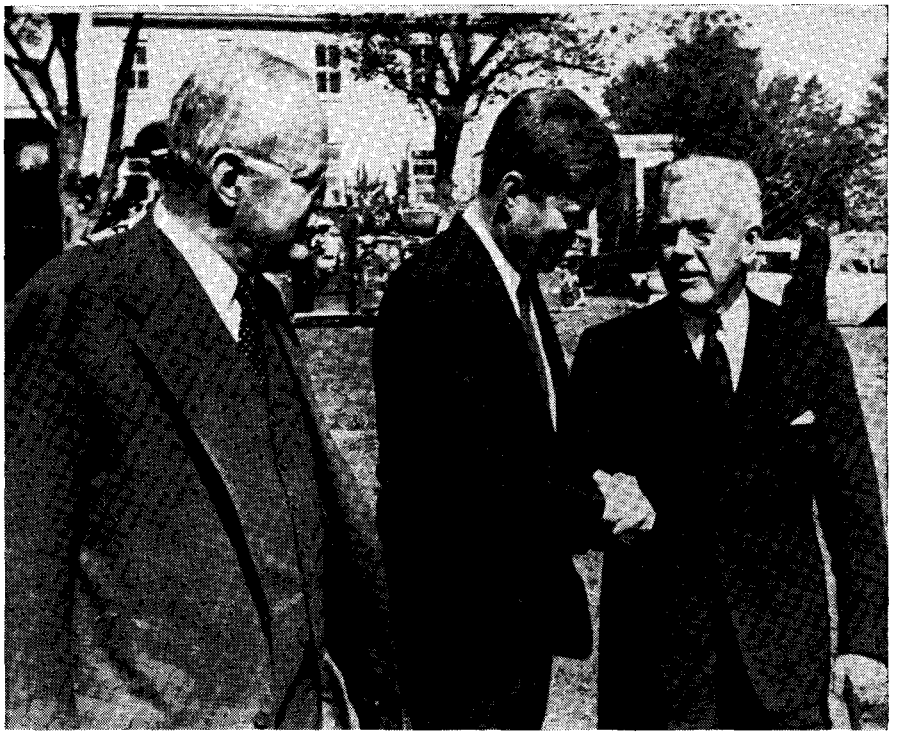
America today has two central governments, according to Washington journalists David Wise and Thomas Ross. The visible one is presided over by the President and Congress and operates generally in public view. The other is the "Invisible Government." Its "heart" is the Central Intelligence Agency. Its head is the director of Central Intelligence, currently John A. McCone.

This invisible government ". . . conducts espionage, and plans and executes secret operations all over the globe." It allegedly hides behind and secretly sponsors a number of commercial and educational enterprises. It occupies "restricted" floors in American embassy buildings abroad and hires soldiers of fortune for para-military adventures. All of this reportedly takes place beyond the effective control of the President and Congress and outside the public's view. Wise and Ross assert as a "fact" that "The Invisible Government has achieved a quasi-independent status and power of its own." Secretly it "is shaping the lives of 190,000,000 Americans." Furthermore, it has been spectacularly unsuccessful in many of its covert foreign maneuvers.

An "intelligence community" grown with Cold War to enormous size may accurately be characterized as a partially invisible subgovernment of substantial influence. It is simplistic, however, to label it as the single "other" government. Rather it is but one of a number of loci of power in the nation's mammoth national security bureaucracy. The intelligence system, in fact, is itself fractured into several major autonomous and competing units. Indeed, this book probably could not have been written were there not several "invisible" sources of power, such as a State Department, Pentagon, and an FBI, competing with each other and with CIA and thus willing to tell tales out of school.

The book's picture of invisibility is also overdrawn. Does the public really know "virtually nothing" about the intelligence establishment, as the authors claim? Surely a substantial number know something about Gary Powers's U-2 flight in May 1960; these same authors published an excellent book about it in 1962. And more than a few know about CIA's role in the Bay of Pigs and about various of its other foreign intrigues. Some undoubtedly have read one or more of the half-dozen major books published on the subject in recent years. One, for example, was by Allen W. Dulles, the not precisely anonymous former head of the "Invisible Government."

Having said this about the book's simplistic conception of power in Washington and its overstated thesis, one hastens to add that much of this volume's substance represents competent, resourceful reporting. Although claiming too much for the book's originality, Wise and Ross have pulled aside the curtain of secrecy further than ever before. They reveal a substantial amount of new information. There are fresh facts and interpretations of the Bay of Pigs and Cuban missile crises. Also described in penetrating detail are other CIA-sponsored adventures and misadventures in Burma, Indonesia,



—*Wide World.*

President Kennedy congratulating John A. McCone, as the new CIA director; former head, Allen Dulles (left), looks on.

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Laos, Viet Nam, and elsewhere. None of the revelations instill confidence in America's skill in clandestine operations, nor in arrangements for their effective control.

The authors identify by name previously anonymous CIA agents and "station chiefs" in various foreign posts; describe a secret "Special Group" of high government officials allegedly controlling secret operations; relate how the Peace Corps has had to be on its toes to prevent a spoiling infiltration by CIA agents; describe CIA's invisible hand in university research centers, book publishing, a steamship company, and overseas radio propaganda broadcasting; and reveal how secret intelligence was used as a partisan football in the 1960 Presidential election.

The book's chief value is not in these revelations and speculations. Its contribution is that Messrs. Wise and Ross ask the proper questions about all of this and give sensible answers. Realistically, they acknowledge that some secret operations are essential. They would not now dismantle the system even though its existence is incompatible with democracy. They would meet the dilemma by a tenuous compromise: "... the public, the President and the Congress must support steps to control the intelligence establishment, to place checks on its power and to make it truly accountable. ..." Specifically, Presidential control over secret operations needs to be strengthened; ambassadors must be in charge in fact as well as in theory of all United States activities in foreign countries; and Congress should establish a Joint Senate-House committee on intelligence. Familiar proposals, but they are all the more persuasive following this book's disclosures.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1090

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1090 will be found in the next issue.

OLD TRAP ELK BLEAPGKPC R

FRE QPBRDXP OLD TRAP

XHZPEBPC THF.

FLGZPO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1089

It is a great art to saunter.

—THOREAU.

Due Process on the USSR Docket

—*Sovfoto.*

Moscow court in session—"life at the bottom."

Justice in Moscow, *by George Feifer (Simon & Schuster. 353 pp. $5.95), views at spectator level crime and punishment in the Soviet Union. A member of the Chicago Bar, Ray D. Henson edited "Landmarks of Law."*

By RAY D. HENSON

THIS is a book of signal significance. It is not, as the title might suggest, one more collection of clichés on the general theme of justice, whatever anyone may take that concept to mean. Nor is this one more look at the great Soviet state trials, which probably impinged about as much on the ordinary Muscovite as our Japanese Exclusion Cases of World War II affected an average Washingtonian. This book deals with something of more potential importance to us: how criminal cases are actually handled in Moscow, from the lowest level up.

Why should this concern Americans? For one thing, we get an unvarnished glimpse of Soviet life at the bottom, a stratum few Americans are ever likely to view at close range. This is fascinating, both for its contrasts and for its comparisons with our own country. And there is another reason: criminal justice in the United States has been revolutionized in the last few decades through the great concern of the Supreme Court of the United States for fairness to the individual in his encounters with the government and, on a more prosaic level, by the promulgation of the Model Penal Code by the American Law Institute. Then, too, criminal cases have an ineluctable fascination for us, as all newspapermen know.

Interestingly enough, anyone may attend Soviet trials, for the doors are closed only when state security is involved, when juveniles must be protected, or when sexual or other intimate details are to be considered. (Imagine what this last restriction would do to the Anglo-American newspaper business.) Apparently practically everyone does attend trials, and the procedure is quite informal.

Unlike our criminal trials, which are so often battles of wits between the lawyers, fighting to keep information from the jury or to get it to them, with judges as neutral umpires, Soviet trials do not have juries and the judges actively participate in the proceedings, as is fairly common in Europe generally. The judge is assisted by two lay assessors, who may or may not contribute much to the trial, although they have a vote equal to the judge's in deciding the outcome of the case. The judge develops the case through questions to the defendant, and a man's whole life, rather than merely the issue at hand, is examined. They analyze the criminal, not just the crime. Every defendant is entitled to a lawyer, at court expense in

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the case of indigents, and he must have a lawyer if the procurator appears to prosecute.

The crimes are categorized somewhat differently from ours: Petty Theft of State Property, Reckless Driving by a Professional Driver, Petty Speculation, Hooliganism (apparently a common, catch-all charge), Swindling, Plunder of State Property by Means of Theft, Intentional Light Bodily Injury and Insult. After reading through the records of the cases described in this book, it becomes quite clear that it is totally absurd to talk, as some American lawyers do, as if there were no "law" in the USSR. Of course, they have "law"—and they penalize, to a large extent, the same kind of conduct that we do. Punishment for some of the petty crimes is far more severe than we would probably inflict, but then the Soviets hope to eliminate crime, and the inevitability of rather severe sentences for relatively trivial offenses is perhaps more effective than the vagaries of our criminal procedures.

While we are attuned to expect the spectacular in Soviet trials—nothing else would ever be reported in the press—it is obvious that both petty and serious crime must exist there, as they do everywhere. This book shows how the cases are built, how the procurator works, how trials are handled, the range of punishment, the function of lawyers. Even the divorce procedure is covered.

George Feifer's book is a truly important work. The criminal procedure of any country reflects many facets of that country's culture, and by looking closely at what others do, we hold a mirror to ourselves.

A TOUGH COOKY of a woman seeks alimony of 15 rubles per month from her former man. Both are truck drivers. They met when assigned to the same dormitory on a construction site in 1954; a private room was obtained in 1956; a son was born in 1957; the relationship, never registered as marriage, was dissolved in 1957. Afterward, he voluntarily supported the child, but stopped when he married into another family. "*He* wanted the child so he could stop drinking and make his life meaningful. A woman shouldn't have to raise a child alone." While the figures are aired (she earns 120 rubles—"Because I work like a slave, fourteen hours a day and holidays"—and he 55), there are rumblings from the public benches, the families on both sides hissing at each other. Suddenly the defendant's current wife shouts "you slut" at the complainant, and the courtroom becomes a battleground. When peace is restored, the judge is sympathetic to the woman; but he cannot satisfy her suit, because the code states that a mother is not entitled even to apply to a court for alimony for a child born out of wedlock.

—*From "Justice in Moscow."*

The Author: In 1962 George Feifer, Harvard graduate *magna cum laude*, enrolled in the University of Moscow. As one of only 120 American students in the whole of the Soviet Union, he lived, danced, drank, skated, sang, and ate with Russian students. He even fell in love with a Russian girl. ("I'd always thought Russian women were homely and unappealing; instead I found them healthy, delightful, and extremely womanly.") He considers it a period when he learned more about himself and the United States than any other in his life, even though he had previously served as a guide at the American Exhibition in Moscow in 1959. He responded to the deep contrasts in the Russian character: the introspectiveness, the zest for living, the "vast enthusiasm and spirit."

Feifer is probably the only American ever to have attended literally hundreds of Soviet trials and other legal proceedings, including divorce, petty larceny, and murder cases. He undertook the project as part of his law studies at the university. Was special permission required to enter the courtrooms? None whatsoever. Feifer took pains to dress like a Muscovite (especially the shoes) and moved right into the courtrooms along with the crowds. Only once during the entire year was he noticed. A lady judge asked him to please stop taking notes. But the copious notes amassed at other trials gave him ample material for *Justice in Moscow*.

Back in the States, Feifer wrote articles for leading American magazines. "It sets my teeth on edge," he said between bites of cold salmon at lunch, "to hear supposedly knowledgeable people make ridiculous, half-baked statements about Russia. In fact, I've been bitterly disappointed since my return from Russia by the American image of the Soviet Union. It's as distorted as theirs is of us. What is missing is a picture of Russia as a reasonably normal, progressive, content, and happy place to live."

"What we Americans *don't* know about Russia," Feifer lamented, "is precisely what we ought to know *most*. Take their idealism. I was astonished and moved by the depth and force of idealism among university students. How heartening to find it still alive after forty-five years of frustration!"

The deplorable fact about the distorted Soviet image of the U.S., Feifer said, "is not that what they know about America is wrong, but that 95 per cent of what they know represents the worst 5 per cent of American life."

During the thirteen years since his high-school days in Passaic, New Jersey, where he played stickball, football, built model planes, and studied piano, the still unmarried Feifer has metamorphosed into an angry, impatient young man with a profound sense of mission. "Today, I think we all owe our allegiance to the human community above the nation-state. As far as the two superpowers are concerned, I think Americans need a good dose of what the Russians mean by socialism, and the Russians need a good dose of what we mean by constitutionalism."

Feifer would like to publish an article on "Why America Should Help the Russians Build Communism." We suggested that this would be a tough item to sell. He reminded us that Catholics and Protestants were once engaged in mortal combat. They came to co-exist and are now cooperating peacefully. Feifer thinks this analogy holds up with respect to U.S.-USSR relations.

He believes he can serve as a kind of bridge-builder between the two countries, and hopes to write and report on the USSR to "help Americans understand the normalness of Russian life. What Americans must learn is that the Russians are now wholeheartedly engaged in an almost cosmic campaign to make men and society better—truthful, educated, happier, more cultured, more thoughtful." Most Americans would be simply "overwhelmed," Feifer added, "if they knew the depth of the Soviet desire to avoid nuclear war."

—MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

George Feifer—"especially the shoes."

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A Right to Be Free Without a Fee

Gideon's Trumpet, *by Anthony Lewis (Random House. 262 pp. $4.95), places on the human level the case that guaranteed to every indigent defendant free legal representation. William B. Butler is an assistant United States attorney.*

By WILLIAM B. BUTLER

CLARENCE EARL GIDEON, inmate No. 003826, Florida State Prison, wanted out. He filed a petition against the warden in the Supreme Court of Florida. It turned him down. Then he sent his hand-printed petition to the Supreme Court of the United States—complaining that his rights under the Constitution had been violated because the court in which he was convicted had refused to appoint a lawyer to defend him without charge. That petition set into motion the machinery that changed the law.

When Gideon's petition was filed, the law was that a defendant accused of a crime in a state court did not have a complete right to counsel under the Federal Constitution unless he could pay the fee. State law determined whether or not he could get a free lawyer, and the law varied from state to state. After *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* was decided every indigent defendant accused of a serious crime, and perhaps even those accused of minor ones, had a right as a part of the "due process of law" guaranteed by the 14th Amendment to the United States Constitution to have a lawyer furnished to him.

" . . . and, in return, I'd be happy to vote against any further centralization of power in the hands of federal agencies."

Gideon's Trumpet is a capable newspaper reporter's story of that case. The book he has constructed with it as the framework might well carry the subtitle "An Introduction to Constitutional Law and Practice in the Supreme Court." But Anthony Lewis has done his best to disguise that aspect of his book. At one place he says: "A lawyer wants the smell of flesh and blood; he wants a human being for a client, not an abstract principle." That also describes what Lewis wants when he writes a book.

The Who? of this newsman's story are Gideon, the lawyers who handled his case, and the personnel of the courts through which it moved. The What?, Where?, and When? are how a case gets to the Supreme Court of the United States, and how it is briefed, argued, and decided there. The story is well told, but if this were all that Mr. Lewis had to say it is probable that he would be saying it in a Sunday supplement rather than between hard covers. The story is only the candy covering for the Why? that Mr. Lewis offers his readers.

FOR THOSE he seeks to reach by this sugar-coated approach the Why? of this story is good medicine—large doses of the honor and integrity of the Court and the justices who sit on it, the concern of American justice for the individual, even the lowest, and the majesty of the law. Along with it comes Mr. Lewis's discussion of a number of principles of Constitutional law and some insight into the role of the Court as a force in social development.

But there are others for whom Mr. Lewis's intimate knowledge of the functioning of the Court and his simple explanations of the development of the principles of Constitutional law could be of real value. The lawyer taking his first case to the Supreme Court or the law student starting his course in Constitutional law could find much in the book to help him. Probably they will ignore it as a popular work not worthy of consideration.

Those who have some knowledge of Constitutional law may find the book shallow. Its discussion of the development of Constitutional doctrines has a tendency to portray this evolution as an inexorable movement toward eventual right. The questions, some raised by respectable authority, about the wisdom of certain principles the Court has adopted are ignored. But even those who can dispense with the human-interest story as a mixer and take their Constitutional law on the rocks will find the book worth the time it takes to read it.

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The Hammer and Sickly

Radcliffe, *by David Storey (Coward-McCann. 376 pp. $4.95), applies coprophilia and homosexuality to a plot that echoes Dostoevsky. Emile Capouya's column "The Real Thing" appears frequently in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

I THOUGHT David Storey's first novel, *This Sporting Life,* a very good book, and it has since been made into quite a decent film. *Flight Into Camden* I missed. In any case, I was unprepared for *Radcliffe,* and its display of talents and energies depressingly wasted. A kind of deliberate hysteria is the novel's true animating principle. One can see the author working himself up. It isn't pretty.

Radcliffe is an ineffectual, suffering epigone of Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin. Tolson is the muscular, mindless, unpredictably perverse counterpart of Rogozin. From their schooldays, Tolson alternately befriends and abuses the sensitive Radcliffe, who, like his Russian original, has visions and seizures, but who goes beyond Myshkin's holy impotence to homosexuality. Blakely, a miner turned entertainer, makes a third in the scenes of violence and self-abasement that are the substance of the book. To show how far Mr. Storey is willing to go, I should mention that Tolson arranges to have the unsuspecting Radcliffe eat excrement, substituted for the more usual contents of a sandwich, and finally perpetrates a kind of rape upon him, all the more shocking for being supererogatory. Shortly thereafter, Radcliffe kills his friend with a hammer, and so we come to detumescence—the anticlimax of a court trial, and the novel's close.

As I have suggested, I think that Mr. Storey has taken hints from Dostoevsky, the most interesting being his adaptation of the Russian writer's scandal scene, in which successive waves of socially impossible behavior end at last in one grand deluge of outrage. But Dostoevsky's tricks and manners serve a purpose. It is quite all right for an author to be mad if his madness tells us something important about our own lives. Mr. Storey's preoccupations do not have that happy public utility, so that although the novel *Radcliffe* may be therapy for him, it is not literature for us.

But I do not think *Radcliffe* can be much good as therapy, really. It may be true that writing a novel is like participating in a psychodrama, but I should imagine that novel and psychodrama alike can just as well be disease as therapy. It is a question whether the man who gave six months or a year to writing *Radcliffe,* concentrating his soul on the characters and their doings, is better or worse as a result.

Suppose he is worse. Then the ignorant praise the book has received in English and American journals—a half-dozen impressive puffs are quoted on the dust-jacket—is a disservice to the author as well as to the public. But how could a half-dozen sensible and educated men agree in praising *Radcliffe,* which is at best a talented writer's great mistake? What an age!

Mr. Storey's preoccupations may be coprophiliac and homosexual as he pleases, and I shall applaud him to the echo so long as he manages to turn that material to the uses of art. Art is our aliment. It supports our life. *Radcliffe* is a tissue of hysteria; it is death. The sleep of reason produces monsters. Mr. Storey has a responsibility he will not soon learn from the British and American literary journalists who praise his artistic abortion—that he must write while wide awake.

Postscript Questions: Robert Coates's virtues are similar to those of his fellow staff members of *The New Yorker,* where he has worked for a good many years and where all thirteen of the stories in *The Man Just Ahead of You* (Sloane, $4), his third collection of short fiction, were originally published. Coates is intelligent, disciplined, perceptive, civilized, and very, very adroit. He possesses a sharp eye and a clear head, and he can make unspectacular characters and situations into meaningful and entertaining fiction, as he does in his title piece. As much essay as short story, it is a form in which he and some of his associates have always worked with particular facility.

It's the man just ahead of you, the "I" narrator comments, who causes all the trouble. It's the man just ahead of you who has criticized the waitress or been ugly to the elevator boy, and who has caused *them* to be ugly to *you*—to look the other way when you enter your favorite restaurant, or pretend not to see you when you get into the elevator: " . . . things like these, I always say, they can take the heart out of a man."

—Norman Gold Photography.

David Storey—a borrowed scandal.

The best of these stories, like most significant recent short fiction, don't really begin until they're finished: what happens to the frazzled New York businessman of "Return" *after* he's been lured down from his precarious perch atop the water tower where he's sought solitude, what happens to the husband and wife of "Memento" *after* the slightly tipsy husband has hit and killed a farmer's dog, what happens to the narrator of "The Captive" *after* the attractive Mrs. DeCasiris's "beeper" stops? These are the significant, unanswered questions that hover over Coates's skilfully drawn stories of contemporary American life, mostly in and around New York City.

LESS successful are a very silly fantasy, a theatrical piece about a barn-burning, a suspenseful but thoroughly contrived story of the death flight of a hit-and-run driver, and the inevitable *New Yorker* stereotype of Manhattan bar and barfly. Coates's shortcomings, like his strength, are those of his school —self-imitation, occasional triviality, an overstudied casualness. Even at his best, it is often difficult to distinguish between an early and late Coates, or between a Coates and an Angell or a Newhouse. Often impressive singly, many of these stories lack individuality; they tend to blur into a muted mass, like a too-lovingly laundered bleeding madras jacket.

—WILLIAM PEDEN.

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A Tangle of Red Red-Tape

***For the Good of the Cause,** by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by David Floyd and Max Hayward (Praeger. 134 pp. $3.95), attacks the evils of Soviet bureaucracy. The latest novel by Elizabeth Janeway is "Accident."*

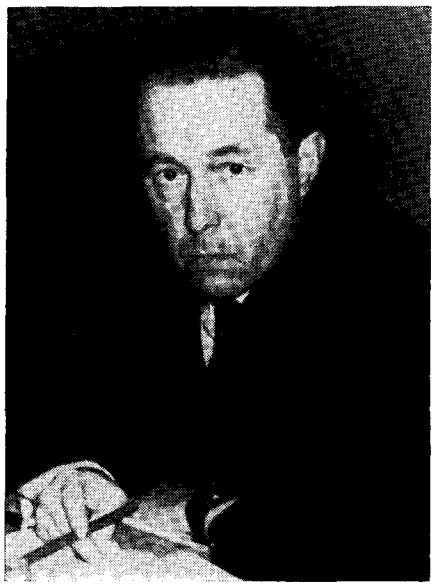
By ELIZABETH JANEWAY

"THIS record of a literary debate gives readers an excellent introduction to Soviet literary politics." I am quoting from the translator's note at the head of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's new story, which also appears here with explanatory introductions, along with appendices consisting of reviews, counterblasts, and further replies. The translators are right. This is an excellent introduction to Soviet literary politics.

Unfortunately, it's a very poor introduction to Solzhenitsyn, whose first book, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* published here last year, was a truly moving piece of fiction. It was a political event, too, the first candid story to be published in the USSR of life within a Soviet labor camp. But its true importance was more than political. The novel was a re-creation of life that awakened recognition, pity, anger, and admiration in readers both here and in Russia. The same could be said of Solzhenitsyn's long story reprinted recently in *Encounter,* "Matryona's Home." It can't be said of *For the Good of the Cause.*

Politically, Solzhenitsyn is still on the attack. His tale deals with the evils of bureaucracy, and he is open in his condemnation of lingering Stalinism and of personal ambition. Trouble is, he's set against these evils not real human beings, but the stock heroes of Socialist Realism. A group of enthusiastic young people at a technical high school have banded together, under the leadership of a devoted faculty, to complete the construction of a new (and needed) school building. Just as they are about to move into it, it's snatched away for a research institute. The head of the local Communist Party Committee speaks up for the students, but can manage to win them no more than a poor compromise, the right to take over another building and finish that. The bureaucrats win.

One has to be as much of an ideologue as the Communists are to care very much. Solzhenitsyn is against sin, and no doubt that's fine and he deserves credit for speaking out. But in this book he's done little to deserve readership. Cliché piles on cliché—the beloved woman teacher; the care-worn but devoted principal of the school, twice wounded at the front; the stalwart, modest head of the local Communist Party—they are the natural inhabitants of TV serials, not of adult novels.



—*Praeger.*

Alexander Solzhenitsyn—"on the attack."

NOR is Solzhenitsyn's essay in accentuating the positive helped by a wooden translation that muffles his lively talent for dialogue. As Arthur Waley, the great Orientalist, remarks mildly in his *Notes on Translation,* "When translating prose dialogue one ought to make the characters say things that people talking English could conceivably say. One ought to hear them talking, just as a novelist hears his characters talk."

It seems a simple enough rule, but for some reason the vivid and violent Russian language invites the deadening touch of Translators' English to an unusual extent, and Solzhenitsyn has no more escaped than has Dostoevsky. Ideally, translation is the art that conceals art. The sort of apparatus—explanations, notes, glosses, reviews and replies—used by most current translators of Soviet writing seems almost wilfully designed to focus the attention of the reader where it does not belong—on the translator-impresario instead of on the writer.

A Time of Demons: Americans are brought up to believe in the authority of the eyewitness. (You were there? Then *you* must know the truth.) No matter how much we may flirt with the Rashomon stance towards the ambiguity of experience, fundamentally we doubt it. Either the wife was raped or not. Either she cooperated, or she did not. Surely someone who was there need only tell us that most basic of all things: what happened.

Naturally, then, an American is hopeful upon encountering a novel written by a German who lived through the war in Nazi Germany. This was a time of demons. Now we can learn about daily life in Gehenna.

Unfortunately, Ilona Herisko's first novel, *Brucknerstrasse* (Messner, $4.95), tells us more about the naïveté of our expectations than it does about the texture of reality in the Third Reich. She has chosen to explore a small provincial town: Greisnitz. The time is 1944—prelude to the end—when Hitler's armies are beginning to crumble on all fronts. The people at home are crumbling, as well. The unfolding tale presents Alfred Naumann, a shaky believer in the Hitlerian ideal; Richard Kreuger, a long-time dissident, coming back for the eighth time from a concentration camp; and Klaus Langerstadt, a fervent Nazi stalwart, returning with the Knight's Cross but broken in body and spirit by the horrors of the Russian campaign. We meet them where they live: Brucknerstrasse—a middle-class street in Greisnitz. As these lives connect and conflict a picture of absolute spiritual exhaustion is drawn in great—and authentic—detail. But the depth of understanding, of insight necessary to the exploration of (in Hannah Arendt's perfect phrase) the banality of evil, is absent. Too often and too easily the eyes of a character in turmoil go suddenly "blank" or "vacant" or "empty." The euphemisms vary but the intention is clear. Yet to portray a society drained of meaningful life requires more than the repeated statement of vacuity—more than lengthy (and somewhat ingenuous) discussions of Nazi versus humanistic values.

The conclusion is clear: documentary knowledge is not enough to make us see. Nor, perhaps, is talent enough. Because Miss Herisko is a gifted novelist, her scenes of *Walpurgisnacht* enacted by a traveling circus in the days preceding the Russian Army's entrance into Greisnitz are brilliantly realized. Still, again and again she takes the easy way, having learned her novelistic lessons a little too glibly. Interesting plot, realistic dialogue—these do create the apparent fabric of reality. For the deeper illumination what is needed is a ruthless artistic honesty. —DANIEL STERN.

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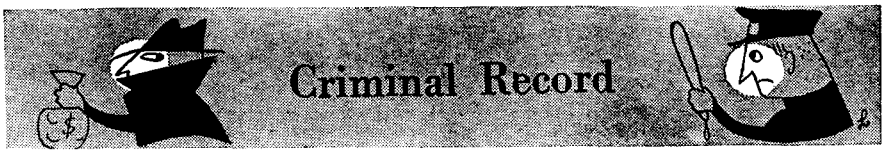
Daring Young Man Getting On: "I like to drink, but it isn't the fun it used to be. My sleep keeps speaking to me, but I don't know what it's saying. And it's the same with my memory. . . . I know death sits in me and waits. . . . If everything had turned out the way I believed for so many years it *might*, that might have been better. . . but this is the what it *did* turn out . . . and I won't knock it." This is Yep Muscat speaking in the final section of *One Day in the Afternoon of the World* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95), William Saroyan's new novel; and if Yep and the general narrative situation bear a striking resemblance to the author and his own latter-day situation, it scarcely seems coincidental or unusual. Ever since the mid-Thirties, when *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* rocketed Saroyan onto a gloomy national scene, inspiring instant-crush among droves of then-young Americans (this reviewer included), he has been one of the more ingeniously self-exposed writers on the native heath. This very quality, graced by true talent, gave even the soberer littérateurs a charge in those bleak Depression years, and shortly—in 1939—netted Saroyan both the Drama Critics' and the Pulitzer awards for his play *The Time of Your Life*.

Here was a joyous original. And here is still an original—Saroyan's province remains his own—but with a rueful, middle-aged difference: Saroyan revisited by Saroyan.

To quickly summarize *One Day*, Yep Muscat, novelist, short-story writer, playwright, and one-time literary *enfant blessé*, returns to New York from San Francisco at the urging of a would-be play producer who sees himself as relaunching the legendary, but somewhat-in-eclipse, Muscat. Yep – a bit world-weary, divorced, yearning father of two youngsters (living in New York), heavily indebted to Uncle Sam for back taxes—arrives in a state of wary financial hope and happy paternal anticipation, only to find himself awash in sundry propositions and counterpropositions from agents, editors, publishers, and the predatory "producer," all of which he considers artistically compromising and all of which he rejects. So, at week's end, and story's, his gains have been a few outings with his children and some nostalgic reunions with assorted oddnicks. This is not "giving away the plot," because there is no plot. It's still Saroyanland, laced with wry humor, stunning dialogue, and the ever-present compassion for a rapacious world; but no exciting expansion has occurred, no forward thrust. A curious literary case, Saroyan—perhaps a victim of his own originality; and it's a pity, as we need his like. —PATRICIA MACMANUS.



The Booster and the Snitch. *By Mary Owen Cameron. Free Press of Glencoe.* $5.95. Although rather heavily statistical, this important survey (first in its field) is an absorbingly readable presentation of the shoplifting problem (*e.g.*, retail bookshops are far heavier losers than public libraries).

Great Scandals of Cheating at Cards. *By John Welcome. Horizon.* $4.95. This fascinating and brilliant recital of three Victorian slander suits reaches its high point in the testimony of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII), whom the author does not admire.

The Man Who Was Sherlock Holmes. *By Michael and Mollie Hardwick. Doubleday.* $3.50. This pocketable Grade A Miscellany of Doyleana is by the authors and compilers of *The Sherlock Holmes Companion* and *Sherlock Holmes Investigates.*

Spy Mysteries Unveiled. *By Vernon Hinchley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.95. These 27 brief narratives include examples (U.S. and elsewhere) over the past generation. Satisfactory if you want a quick, succinct treatment.

Will Anyone Who Saw the Accident. *By Jeffrey Ashford, Harper & Row.* $3.50. English solicitor stretches the law to aid son accused of hit-run death. Fine courtroom scenes, sure pace, but characters are largely unlikable.

Affair at Quala. *By Thomas Helmore. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95 Sex scandal in English boys' school and crime crisis on Africa's west coast lead up to murder in San Francisco, with crewless cabin cruiser headed for Golden Gate. Well-written, fast-moving specialty number.

Virgin Luck. *By Laurence Meynell. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. London stenog leaves dreary domicile, Puritanical parents, to fend for herself and does right well, but there *is* a spot of murder. Brisk, bouncy, brassy.

In the Event of My Death. *By Hester Bourne. Crime Club.* $3.50. London bank clerk gets beyond-grave appeal to look into woman's passing; does so, and reveals strange plot. Dénouement is not unguessable.

Death of a Tom. *By Douglas Warner. Macmillan.* $3.95. Latter-day Jack the Ripper raises hob with London toms (*i.e.*, prostitutes); nine die, by our count; irritable chief inspector masterminds this one (but why label a brand-name typewriter defective?).

The Faces of Danger. *By Rufus King. Crime Club.* $3.50. Half-dozen shorts recite cases solved by Stuff Driscoll, aide to Florida Gold Coast sheriff; characters are highly solvent. Has expected professional touch.

Meet in Darkness. *By Stephen Ransome. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Snatch of proprietor of Florida industrial-movie production plant sets off chain reaction affecting several lives. Has good pace, nice air of authenticity.

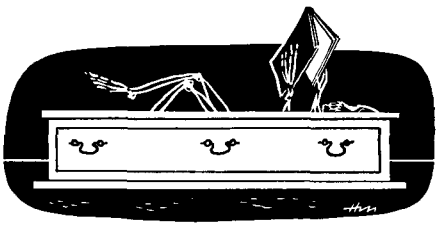
The Lawyer and the Carpenter. *By Estelle Thompson. Washburn.* $3.50. Slaughter of Australian *hotelier* creates marital problem for counsel defending suspect; coincidence rears its ugly head. Another attention-holding first venture by a capable Down Under lady.

Killed by Scandal. *By Simon Nash. Roy.* $2.95. Edge-of-London amateur players, rehearsing R. B. Sheridan classic, ring down curtain when principal dies on stage; university don helps cops sort it out; sharp dialogue plus good non-Sheridan lines help pull this one through.

The Shortest Route to Paradise. *By David Ward. Horizon.* $4.95. Here's a carefully researched, briskly written record of the career of Charles Peace (1832-1879), Britain's almost folk-legendary one-man crime wave for a fearful generation.

The Deep Blue Good-By, Nightmare in Pink, and **A Purple Place for Dying.** *By John D. MacDonald. Gold Medal.* Paperback, 40¢ ea. Trio of originals by a highly competent practitioner introduces to the public a brand new shamus-who-is-more-than-shamus: Travis McGee, Floridian extraordinary. A publishing event in any kind of covers.

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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The Swastika and the Silence

The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany, *by Guenter Lewy (McGraw-Hill. 416 pp. $7.50), drawing upon diocesan documents and diplomatic papers, Gestapo reports, and Catholic publications, charges the Vatican with apathy toward Hitler. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City College of New York, is the author of the recently published "The Dynamics of Nationalism."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

"THE SUBJECT matter of this book is controversial," Guenter Lewy states in his preface. This is surely the understatement of the year. That the topic is of explosive nature is indicated by the bitter arguments surrounding the play *The Deputy*, by the young German Rolf Hochhuth. But where *The Deputy* deals with genocide, one aspect of the Hitler regime, Mr. Lewy treats the whole story of the relationship of the Nazi State and the Catholic Church. It is, indeed, as the author says, "a tragic history."

Mr. Lewy left his native Germany as a boy of fifteen, emigrating to Palestine and then to the United States. A political scientist, he has taught at Columbia University and Smith College and is currently associate professor of government at the University of Massachusetts. He has been at work on this book since 1960.

The author has performed a Herculean task in examining the materials at his disposal—German diocesan documents and diplomatic papers, Gestapo reports, and Catholic publications of the period. He has organized his material well. His narrative is swiftly paced, written in a smooth, attractive style. The documentation is impressive.

In Part I, after discussing the encounter of German Catholicism and National Socialism before 1933, Mr. Lewy treats the first 120 days of Nazi rule. He traces the Concordat between Germany and the Holy See of July 20, 1933, and describes how German Catholicism entered the Third Reich in what he calls "The Great Reconciliation."

In Part II he recounts the gradual entrapment of German Catholicism in the Hitler regime, the tribulations of the Catholic organizations and press, the ideological contest, the Church and

—*Religious News Service.*

Nazi resister Father Titus Brandsma, who died in Dachau in 1942.

Hitler's foreign policy, the Church during the war era, the conflict over Nazi eugenic policies, and the problem of resistance. One chapter is devoted to the Jewish Question and the role of the papacy in it. The concluding Part III discusses the Church and totalitarianism with special attention to what the author calls "the moral dimension of politics."

Mr. Lewy's book is an academic companion to Hochhuth's *The Deputy*. Lewy's thesis holds that when thousands of German anti-Nazis were tortured to death in Hitler's concentration camps, when the Polish intelligentsia and Slavic "*Untermenschen*" were slaughtered, and 6,000,000 Jews murdered, "Catholic Church officials bolstered the regime perpetrating these crimes." The Pope in Rome, spiritual head and supreme moral teacher of the Roman Catholic Church, says Mr. Lewy, remained silent. The author further accuses the episcopate of supporting Hitler's expansionist policies and of failing to encourage resistance against Hitler.

The author functions not only as political scientist but also dons the judge's robe and delivers a final verdict. In the face of the greatest moral depravities, he charges, the moral teachings of a Church dedicated to love and charity could be heard in no other form but "vague generalities." He asks a key question: "How much is sheer survival of the institution to count as against the preservation of moral integrity?" He then turns to the future: "If mankind ever again is faced with moral challenge of the enormity presented by Hitler's regime of brute force, we must hope that it will have better moral guidance."

So much for the thesis. It is a painful subject but one that deserves attention. At the same time, it ought to be clear to all readers that this book presents one viewpoint of a highly complex situation. The interested observer should keep his mind open and await the other side of the picture certain to be presented eventually.

The book has weaknesses. Mr. Lewy recognizes a major one when he states in his preface: "The known inaccessibility of the Vatican archives concerning the more recent past can be compensated for in good measure by careful combing of the archives of the German Foreign Ministry and German diocesan archives, all of which contain a large number of communications from and to the Holy See." Historians will not be impressed by this reasoning. Granted that Mr. Lewy cannot force the Vatican to open its archives to him, the fact remains that without this basic source what he can present is only a partial picture instead of his claimed "treatment in depth."

How far is it possible to maintain objectivity on so eristic a subject? The author states that he has made a deliberate effort not to fit his work into any preconceived scheme. "At the same time, I cannot claim to have remained impartial. This could have been achieved only as a concomitant of moral indifference." It is a curious attitude to equate the historian's respect for objectivity with "moral indifference."

Since when has it become the task of the scholar to become the arbiter of historical forces? As soon as the scholar introduces standards of moral values he destroys his standing as historian and becomes advocate, pamphleteer, or polemicist. This is far removed from Ranke's advice to present history as it actually was. Mr. Lewy is for decency and against evil, as all of us are, but his value judgments must be accepted for what they are—one man's opinion.

Another weakness is to be found in the author's concept of emphasis. He says that delimiting the breadth of his work required him to treat quickly "many instances of truly heroic individuals in the lower ranks of the Church who acted out of conscience and paid dearly for it." Do not these instances deserve equal attention instead of being treated *quickly*?

On occasion there is a strange juxta-

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position of ideas. The introductory sentence to Chapter 11 on the resistance reads: "The concentration camp Dachau, when reached by American troops on April 26, 1945, held 326 German Catholic priests." Then, instead of pursuing this theme further to present a balanced view, the author abruptly tacks his vessel and seeks to show that ". . . there was a time when resistance to the Nazi state was not only discouraged by the Church, but condemned."

Perhaps Mr. Lewy should make a more intensive investigation of the historical role of the Catholic Church. The very word itself, Catholic, means universal or all-embracing. The Church, as a means of insuring its continued existence, has sought to adapt itself to, or come to terms with, many often contradictory forces or forms of society.

From the documents, the author claims to show the German Catholic Church's "congeniality with some of the goals of National Socialism" such as opposition to the Treaty of Versailles and the struggle against bolshevism. This is unfortunate and specious reasoning. It is much like saying that because Adolf Hitler ate scrambled eggs, all other people who eat scrambled eggs have absorbed the essence of Hitlerism. And to mix the metaphors a bit more, no matter how this is sliced, it still bears the taint of unscholarly bias.

Mr. Lewy is to be commended for his zeal, and there is no doubt about his sincerity. However, he seems to be unaware of the pitfalls of Monday morning quarterbacking or precociously assuming the mantle of wisdom. Perhaps in twenty years, with more perspective and with more documentation to enlighten the other side of the subject, he will be able to produce a study more closely in tune with Ranke's ideal of objectivity.

For Rosie, My Sister Dead At Fourteen

By Esther L. Melzer

WITNESS to a storm
not more than
minutes passed,
I found a petrel
on the sand
forsaken by a cloud
and left for dead.

I touched the tremble
of this remnant so
far from home,
his stormy pattern
out of season
in the shelter
of my calm.

Vatican Victim

The Pilgrim: Pope Paul VI, the Council and the Church in a Time of Decision, *by Michael Serafian (Farrar, Straus. 281 pp. $4.50), representing the views of a pseudonymous career diplomat, looks gloomily upon the potentialities of the Second Vatican Council. "Religions of the World" is the latest book by John A. Hardon, S.J.*

By JOHN A. HARDON, S.J.

DIPLOMATS are notoriously poor prophets. Yet pseudonymous career-diplomat "Michael Serafian" has written a whole book of dark forebodings at what has gone wrong with the Second Vatican Council. He contends that the crises of the Council so far have been resolved in a way that will prove disastrous for the Church and for humanity.

Voicing what he feels is the sense of frustration of many bishops, he launches into one of the most critical appraisals of Catholicism to appear in recent years. His main target is Paul VI, whom he admires for his sagacity and to whom he dedicates the book, but in whom he sees a near reversal of the promising *aggiornamento* of John XXIII.

When Pope Paul was elected, the cognoscenti observed. "This is John with a brain and twenty years younger." They admired Pope John's infectious humor and were captivated by the innate charm of his personality; but they were also puzzled. What could they make of a man who told them to love the Communists, "Love Nikita. God loves him"? Vatican officialdom even wondered if Papa Roncalli knew where love stopped and dogma began.

There is no such ambiguity about Paul VI. Within weeks of assuming office, he clarified his own position perfectly. He would act as the continuation of another man's creation. But he would do it as Roman Pontiff and heir to a long tradition. "This authority," he declared of himself, "renders us Master and Pastor, with complete fulness, of the Roman Church and of the Universal Church."

Herein lies the crucial difference between John and Paul, and what Serafian fears may spell the end of the "open door" policy of his predecessor. Where John stood for ecumenicalism in the broadest terms, Paul is concerned to preserve the past and suspects the two elements that, according to the author, offer the best hope for Catholicism in modern times: collegiality of the bishops and

(Continued on page 43)

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AMONG the summer attractions lending color to the fairgrounds of Flushing Meadow is the largest all-color photography show ever assembled. Sheer number, though, is not the only reason that the 300 award-winning prints stand out so prominently in the International Salon area of the Kodak Pavilion. Equally ambitious is the exhibit's all-encompassing theme, *The World and Its People*—a theme for a worldwide competition to which amateur and professional photographers of sixty countries responded with 150,000 entries.

Preliminary judgings held in the participating countries eliminated all but 1 per cent of the pictures, leaving 1,500 prints for consideration by a grand-final jury. It was this five-man panel (Peter J. Braal, manager of Kodak's photographic illustration division; Donald McMaster, past president of the Royal Photographic Society; James J. Rorimer, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Herbert S. Wilburn, Jr., illustrations editor of National Geographic; and Norman Cousins, editor of *SR*) that singled out the 300 finalists for commemorative medals of achievement, cash awards, and public exhibition first at the fair and later around the world.

The eyes of these judges were not so much on the picture-taker's control of color as on the management of his subject matter—how well his picture delineated some aspect of his country's life or locale for people of other lands. Reviewing the photographs on a "country-by-country" basis, the jury selected a number from each national group in proportion to the total number of entries represented in that group. Since every picture had to receive the judges' unanimous vote, the entire salon exhibit reflects a "one-for-all, all-for-one" opinion.

What has impressed the jury—and many of the visitors to the Kodak Pavilion, too—is the degree of naturalness in the subjects portrayed. "Even planned shots do not appear posed, but have a striking spontaneity and freshness" is one judge's observation. Several of the others have mentioned another kind of naturalness, which may be directly attributed to the use of color film: "Life exists in color, and everything seems more natural and true-to-life when it is pictured that way" . . . "Color adds a dimension of reality to seeing; it sparks emotions and enlivens ideas" . . . "Even the sordid appears less disreputable and more appealing when it is seen in color."

Still another impression crystallizes from these recorded images of the world's people: Despite diversity of geography, history, ethnic origin, and culture, the human eye responds to beauty naturally, not nationally. It is a transcendent lens, sensitive to the stimuli of color, pattern, and design wherever they are found in the spectrum of life.

On the sand hills of Arizona, a Navajo family tends its flock in the dazzling sunlight of a spring afternoon. And the camera of a Pacific Coast telephone company employee captures a way of life and a landscape's scenic charm in visual terms that should be as graphic for the eyes of Lima, Peru, as they are for those of Lima, Ohio.

No interpreter is needed for the "sight language" in a young Malaysian student's colorful composition of wary women shoppers at a Singapore curbside stall. Nor does a Connecticut camera-club member's "commentary" on a pair of relaxed bare feet protruding from a hayloft require dictionary or grammar to translate the bliss of a snatched siesta.

Few would probably know the meaning of *urakanyini*, the Pitjantjatjara word for "poised ready to spear." But when an Australian missionary records "something of the life of the Pitjantjatjara people who still live tribally and hunt with spear," he silhouettes the lithe beauty of disciplined form. His subject communicates well—for form is something readily appreciated by sportsmen and spectators of all nations. And similarly, given the visual Esperanto of the camera, the eyes of every land can appreciate the art of street-bazaar commerce, the ritual of prayer in a Middle Eastern house of worship, the aspirations of a budding ballerina in British Columbia.

A London industrial photographer (the only one of the award-winners this reporter has had the chance to meet personally) enjoys early-morning walks along the waterfront because he sees "great dynamic beauty in the working relationships between river transport and industry." Much of this feeling is conveyed in his telling study of Thames bargemen unloading huge reels of newsprint. A characteristically misty skyline is the soft-focus background for a hard-muscle job, and the display of brawn—with the whole world of ideas hanging in fine balance—represents a universally recognizable link in the chain of communications.

AS one looks at the pictures on exhibit, it does not seem too optimistic to hope with the show's sponsor that "photography can do much to implement understanding of the world and its people, and to that extent to contribute toward the goal of 'peace through understanding.'"

The camera has given the world community a facile means of expressing itself, of communicating emotions and ideas through visual symbols that bridge both international frontier of language and continental divide of culture. Though pictures may not be able to remove boundaries, they can surely render them more pliant; if the photographic image does not break down barriers, it may at least make them more permeable to mutual understanding and tolerance.

After a recent viewing of a World's Fair film about childhood, former President Eisenhower commented, "In the eyes of children, there is no room for prejudice and bigotry." Had he viewed *The World and Its People*, he might also have said the same for the eye of the camera.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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ENGLAND:
M. Broomfield, London

Photographs selected from

"THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE"

an International Salon Exhibit now on view

at the Kodak Pavilion, New York World's Fair

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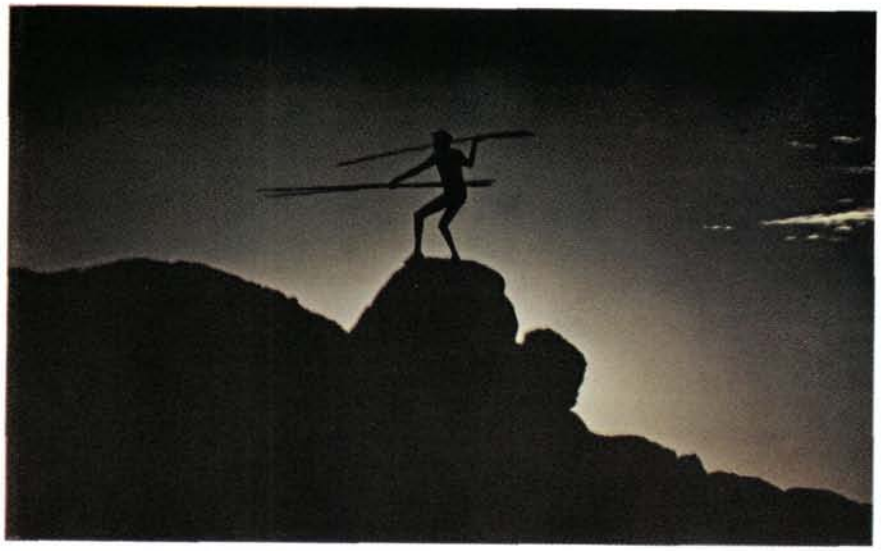
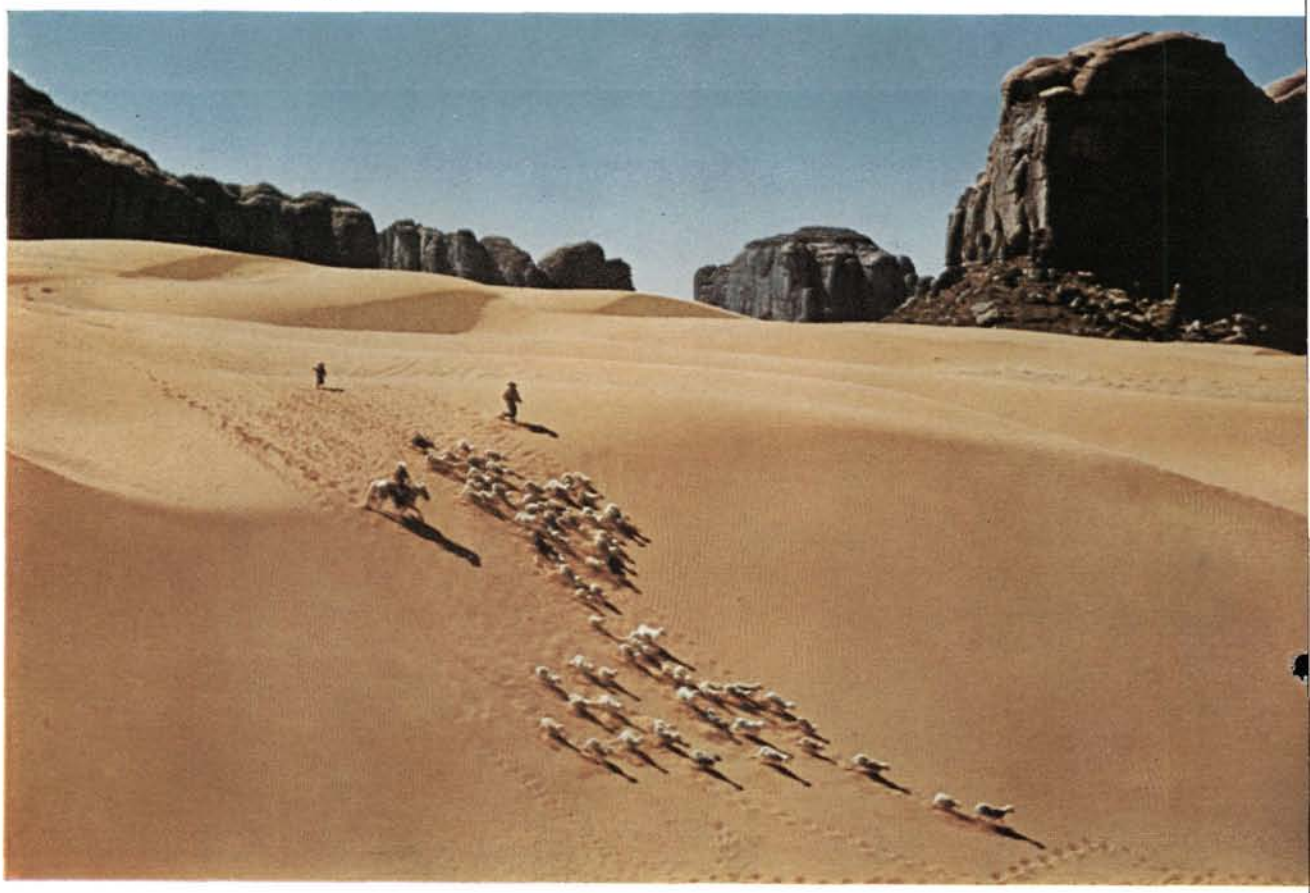
AUSTRALIA:
Winifred M. Hilliard, Ernabella Mission



UNITED STATES:
Leona Scafire, San Francisco, Calif.



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UNITED STATES:
Edward W. Hutchinson, Sharon, Conn.

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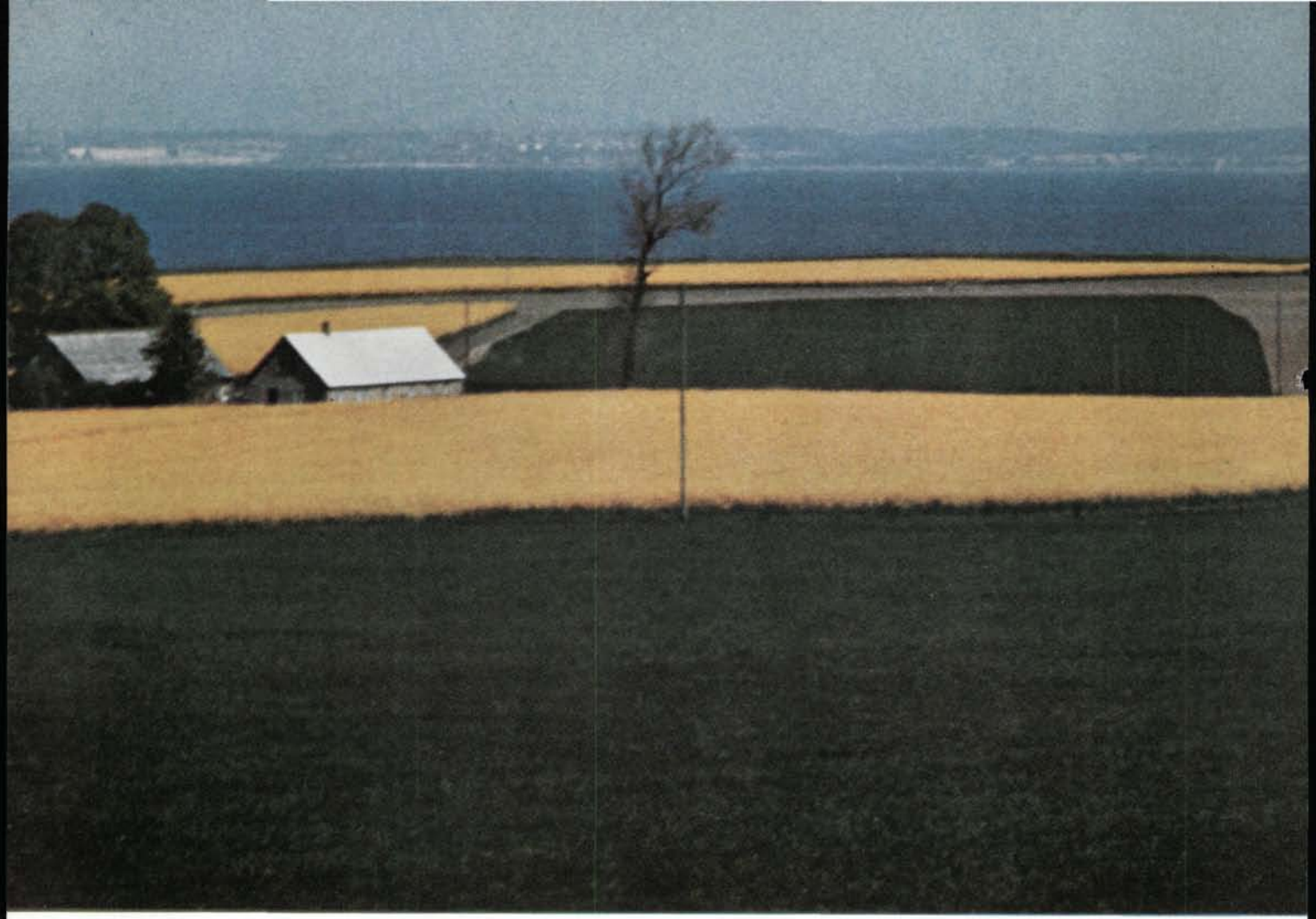

SWEDEN:
H. Angeli, Landskrona

FRANCE:
Xavier Lescroart, Lille

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CANADA:
Leo Loewen, White Rock, British Columbia

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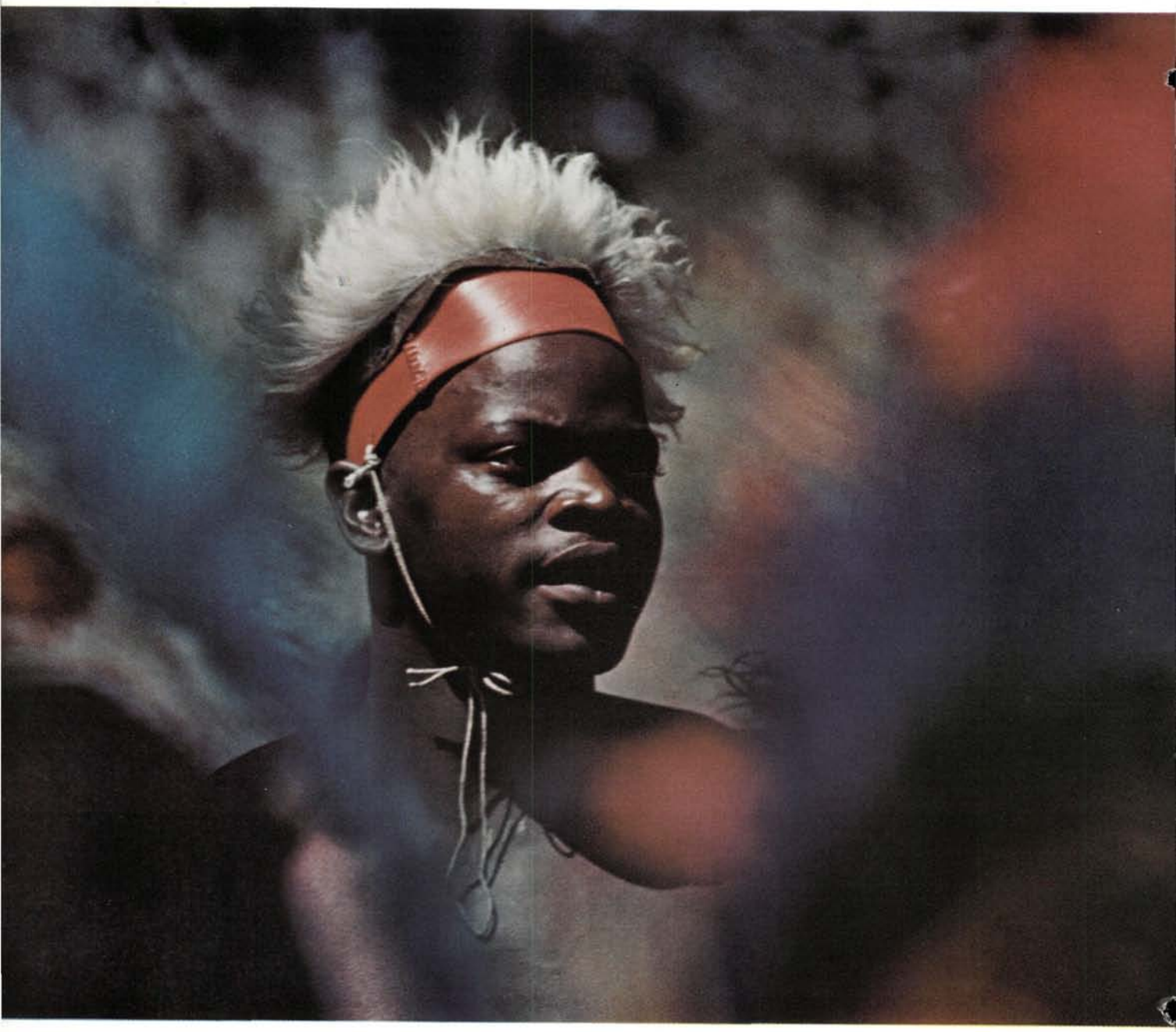

SOUTH AFRICA:
Victor Adolph De La Porte, Johannesburg

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ARABIA:
Oscar Mitri, Kuwait

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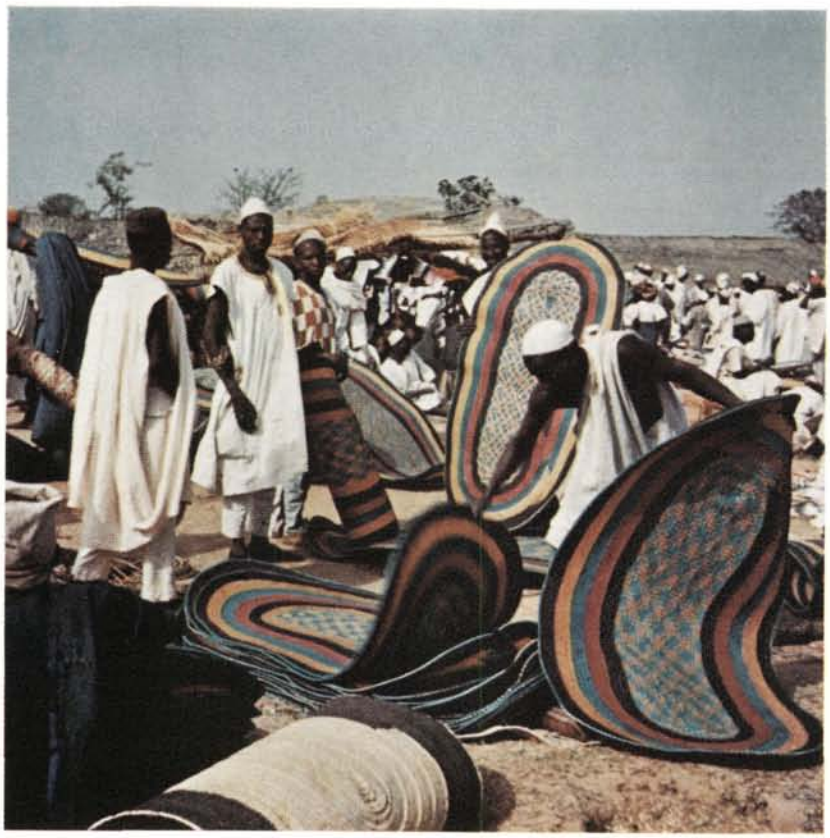

WEST AFRICA:
Francis Uher, Kaduna

MALAYA:
Tan Lip Seng, Singapore

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Vatican Victim

Continued from page 33

de-Romanization of the Roman Church. The two are really one. Collegiality means there would be let loose in the secluded offices of the Vatican (especially of the Holy Office) all the intellectual acid of Gallic analysis and doctrinal individualism, the easy familiarity and pragmatism of the Americans, the brooding *Angst* of the German spirit, the suave British way, the fire-eating, passionate Oriental love of solitude, and the imponderable recesses of the Eastern mind. They would be active in Rome through delegates of the bishops chosen to replace the present concentration of Italian bureaucracy.

In all this flourish the Roman curia is pictured as the *bête noire* that has enslaved the Church in a tryanny from which not even the power of the papacy can deliver the faithful. Serafian is too wise not to know that the issue at stake is more than adaptation to modern times and more than jealous pride that will not relinquish power that has been centuries accumulating. He correctly views the struggle as a conflict between conciliarism and papalism, between the collective authority of the bishops and the concentrated power of the papacy. "The choice before Paul," he says, "was a concrete one: follow conciliarism or abandon conciliarism."

Few writers have put the matter more bluntly or clearly, and the misfortune is that sides are taken. The author's *nom de plume* is meant to hide his identity. It is explained by the theme of his book, which is that conciliarism, or the theory that a college of bishops is superior to the pope, gives the only answer to Christianity's problems. For all his grasp of present detail ranging across the spectrum of Roman ecclesiasticism, Serafian is innocent of Catholic history or at least unsympathetic with the Church's struggle for papal primacy that goes back to the thirteenth-century conciliar theories at the University of Paris.

A redeeming feature of what is supposed to be a character portrait of Paul VI is the biographer's sympathy with his subject and an almost emotional worry that reactionary forces are proving too strong for the pontiff to resist. Every other page implies a "master mind" moving chess players on the board and trying to outwit those who are ranged against him. The pilgrimage to the Holy Land thus becomes symbolic of the pope's weakness and a tribute to his shrewdness. And if he used the trip to Palestine to divert attention from high-handing the second session of the Council, this may be pardoned a man who is caught in the web of history and still wonders how to extricate himself.

Serafian dedicated the volume to Pope Paul "as a pledge of the author's devotion." Without questioning this devotion, there is some doubt if he identifies Christ's Church with the historic entity known as Roman Catholicism or hopefully looks to a new creation that the ecumenical movement is expected to bring into being.

"Let's call them L, B, and J."

JUAN BOTERO: BOY WITH A DREAM

Juan Botero is 13, the eldest of nine children. He lives in a tarpaper shack in the worst slum of Bogota, Colombia. Juan's father, a day laborer, is partially blind and can rarely find work. Soon Juan will be forced to drop out of school for lack of funds.

Juan's only chance for a better life lies in his ability to complete his education, develop his skills. And his desire to do this dominates his every waking thought. But without help—*your help*—Juan will have to leave school and can look forward to nothing better than the bare existence his parents have known.

NOW

You can help a child like Juan in Colombia, Korea, Tanganyika, Greece or Lebanon to pay for tuition and transportation, to buy books, school supplies and adequate clothing through the Sponsored Scholarship program of Save the Children Federation. In return for scholarship aid, each student will contribute his services to his school or community.

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I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zone_____

(SR-6-27-4)

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE

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Month of the Owls

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THIS seems to be the month of the owls; three books selected in succession led to these birds.

The first was Celestino Piatti's *The Happy Owls* (Atheneum, $4.50). Mr. Piatti is an advertising and poster artist who has won awards in many European countries. His book demands attention because of the posterlike quality of its pictures, the artist's use of color, and the excellent color reproduction (Swiss). In the brief story—said to be based on a legend, the source of which seems obscure—the barnyard fowls, who eat and fight constantly, accompany the peacock to ask the wise owls how they can live together so peacefully. The owls solemnly assure the fowls that they spend their time admiring the beauty of each season (note that in the summer picture they are also keeping a wary eye on the red fox beneath their tree). The fowls (people-like) scream, "What nonsense!" and return to eating and fighting. Children may find this either an amusing or a sad ending according to the way that it strikes their fancy. Adults, while admiring the pictures, may let their thoughts run on to the possible choice between day fighters and night predators. Children with some knowledge of science sometimes ask why owls are considered wise; it was quite by accident that I found in *The Story of Money*, by A. H. Quiggin (Roy, $3.75), a possible explanation in a neatly told account of the Athenian owl coin, with Athena on one side and her owl on the other. The book, which is for older children, gives an interesting, informal history of coins.

And in Randall Jarrell's *The Bat Poet* (Macmillan, $2.75) the owl is seen from a bat's view, a practical one.

> The ear that listens to the owl believes
> In death. The bat beneath the eaves,
> The mouse beside the stone are still
> as death . . . .

Every now and then one finds a book such as this—charming simply as a book, and, whether for children or adults, original and a delight to read aloud. One small brown bat leaves his fellows in the barn and hangs on the porch of the house, observing many things he would not see if he slept during the day. For children (intelligent and imaginative) there is a thread of a story, and four poems they may enjoy. For adults, the bat represents all artists, poets, writers, their public and their critics. The bat has a noisy, self-sufficient poet-critic in the mocking bird, who gives advice, talks of iambic pentameter, and does not like the bat's poem about him. The friendly, less critical chipmunk likes the poems and is delighted with the one that is his own portrait.

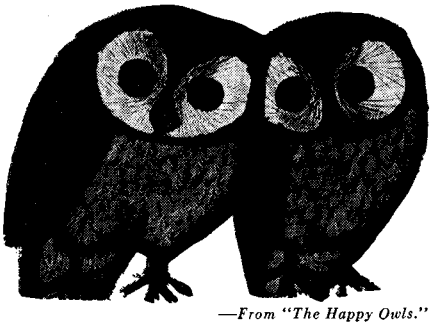
When the bat-poet grows tired of isolation and wants to say his bat poem to his fellows, he finds them all asleep for the winter. And so he falls asleep himself, trying to say his poem but too sleepy to remember it. We hope the others will wake up at least long enough to listen to the poem that encloses such a charming vignette of a bat in flight:

> All night in happiness she hunts and
> flies,
> Her high sharp cries
> Like shining needlepoints of sound
> Go out into the night, and echoing
> back,
> Tell her what they have touched.

This unusual book is given extra attractiveness by Maurice Sendak's line drawings.

SO much for owls. I cannot get out of my mind a letter that came from a school in New Haven, Connecticut, asking for a list of books dealing with poverty, as the fifth grade is studying "how poverty has struck West Virginia; how it has affected the people, their schools, their very lives." The children in the class had written compositions about "what we would do as a domestic Peace Corps volunteer in West Virginia." This is somewhat in the future for fifth-graders, but it would be interesting to see some of their individual approaches.

Senators are already coming up with ideas. Kenneth Keating suggests an "adoption" program for children similar to that conducted by church and other organizations in "underprivileged" countries. This would give children something to do, but the plans perhaps might not agree with Sargeant Shriver's "no leaf raking projects, no handouts." Children who are readers can go back a good many years to see what was done in the past. Not much. A bun to a starving child on a doorstep (*A Little Princess*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett); a Christmas dinner for a family (*The Birds' Christmas Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin).



—From "The Happy Owls."

Children will agree that the whole attitude towards poverty has changed in the last fifty or sixty years, but in their day these books gave their readers strangely warm feelings of nobility and generosity. Apparently the President has dramatized poverty quite successfully for children; it is a word that has taken the place of "underprivileged," an elegant but vague way of concealing facts.

The question remains, what can children *do*? They can read, but accounts of poverty leave a great desire to help with no practical outlet. As the New Haven class had written to more than one person, they received an excellent booklist from a New York public library. Most of the books about children who live in poverty are part of the series of regional books written by Lois Lenski, or refer to the children of migrant laborers. The feeling in them is what counts.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All in the Morning Early*, written by Sorche Nic Leodhas and illustrated by Evaline Ness (Holt), was one of the runners-up for the Caldecott Medal. This fact was accidentally omitted from our March 21 column.

Butterfly Time. *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. The third of this artist-writer team's nature picture books, this has all the gaiety of a summer day. "My sister and I" (the boy is the narrator) get to know twelve of the common summer butterflies. In an introductory note the author explains some salient facts about butterflies, and at the end all the insects that have been presented one at a time are most carefully pictured, with their names. Meanwhile in cadenced prose the children not only see and recognize each butterfly, but go out in raincoats to find out where they have sought shelter from the rain. "Our cat Christopher," first met in the second book, has fallen from grace this time: he tries to catch butterflies, but such is the nature of cats. A useful as well as handsome introductory book. Ages 5-8.

Sophie. *By Denise and Alain Trez. World.* 58 *pp.* $1.95. Many small girls about Sophie's age will like this book, in which the heroine has numerous unusual adventures.

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Sophie, a modern child in a bright red dress, supplies the only color in a book whose illustrations superimpose her against nineteenth-century black-and-white backgrounds. A stunt, but an attractive one. Ages 4-6.

My Dog Rinty. *By Ellen Tarry and Marie Hall Ets. Photographs by Alexander and Alexandria Alland. Viking.* 48 *pp.* $3. This most welcome reprint has a foreword by the authors, who observe that "In the seventeen years since *My Dog Rinty* was published there have been very few changes in Harlem. Styles in clothes and automobiles are different, but comparatively few new buildings have become part of the Harlem scene. . . . Augusta Baker Alexander, the Story Lady [shown in one picture], is now director of Children's Work in all the public libraries of New York City."

David, the owner of Rinty, is still as charming as ever, and the photographs are excellently reproduced. No age level given. (About 5-9?)

Riddles, Riddles Everywhere. *By Ennis Rees. Illustrated by Quentin Blake. Abelard-Schuman.* 125 *pp.* $3.25. Children come to riddles, a number of which may be familiar to us, with freshness and delight. Dr. Rees, whose field is classical literature, has also come to them with pleasure—putting those that are in prose into rhyme. All of us know the riddle about the desert; here it is in rhyme: When crossing a desert/Why is it that/Though you don't get hungry,/You might get fat? (Because of the sand which is [sandwiches] there.) The book has cartoonlike pictures, some in orange and green. Ages 8 up.

The Family Conspiracy. *By Joan Phipson. Illustrated by Margaret Horder. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 224 *pp.* $3.50. This warmhearted and, at times, amusing family story, which is set on an Australian sheep farm, was awarded the Book of the Year prize in its own country and the *Herald Tribune* prize (middle group) here.

As the story opens, the mother is having an "attack," of what we do not know and never find out. The doctor says she needs an operation. Because of financial difficulties she cannot have it, and goes on getting worse. Meanwhile the children try in various ways to earn money to pay for the operation. As Australia has a National Health Program, which went into effect in 1944, doesn't the plot fall apart if the author doesn't indicate that it happened before this? Or is it a protest against socialized medicine? Ages 9-12.

Hannah Elizabeth. *By Elaine Sommers Rich. Pictures by Paul Edward Kennedy. Harper & Row.* 162 *pp.* $2.95. Hannah Elizabeth—a Mennonite child, is a serious and religious little girl, and this book will be read by serious little girls who want to know something about another form of the Christian religion.

"In the spring Hannah Elizabeth underlined in her Bible with a red pencil: *The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.* Perhaps people in church should quote this verse sometimes instead of using so often the one about being *a peculiar people zealous of good works.*" Hannah Elizabeth becomes a very real person as we read, although the book has little or no plot; one must be content to travel quietly but pleasantly along with Hannah through family life and quiet special events. Ages 8-12.

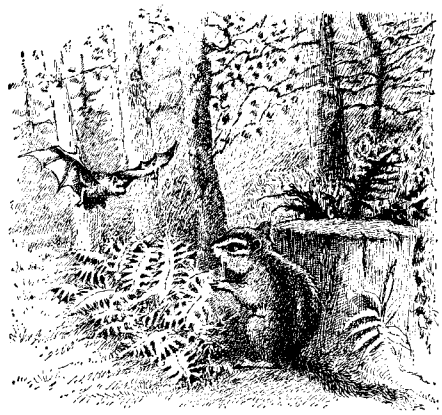
A Castle for the Kopchecks. *By James Stagg. Macmillan.* 201 *pp.* $2.95. We have had, from time to time, such difficulty accepting newcomers to this country that it is interesting to see that England has had difficulty also. The Kopchecks are "a middle European" refugee family who find themselves lost in London and, hopefully, move into an old house in a seashore town. They get a most thorough rejection, including mysterious anonymous and threatening letters. In the end acceptance comes quite rapidly, and "the forecast is fine for tomorrow and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow." The story is "narrated" by Sondra, the oldest girl, and it is astonishing that a male author can understand her so well, though at times he gives her a remarkable vocabulary. The book has more strength to it and, in general, more credibility than some English titles for children—and some American ones. Ages 10-14.

This Is Automation. *By S. Carl Hirsch. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* 128 *pp.* $3.75. One of the first things I noticed about this book was that it was given an age level lower than that of similar books I have read and reviewed. Its dramatic pictures, its clear presentation of the Industrial Revolution as it has continued up to the present, make it possible for a fifth- or sixth-grade child to read—and help him to understand the problems that automation has brought and is bringing. The book makes it clear that: "In today's job market the young worker cannot depend on his muscles, unskilled; or on his five senses, untrained." The artist has made the situation almost too dramatically clear by picturing and x-ing out four occupations. Suppose the reader's father is an office clerk! He is shown as displaced while his occupation still exists.

And one other paragraph, the one that suggests leisure possibilities, is disturbing. "Leisure can mean much more than hours in a hammock. . . . Leisure is also raising roses or learning a new language. It is sharing in the great issues of the day or studying the stars. . . . It is running for Congress or writing a book."

No, not for everyone.

Man, Memories and Machines: An Introduction to Cybernetics. *By Corinne Jacker. Illustrated with photographs, drawings, and diagrams. Macmillan.* 126 *pp.* $3.95. This small, efficient book is for young people a little older than those just discussed; like *This Is Automation,* it succeeds in discussing its topic scientifically yet simply and clearly. (Would-be writers will be encouraged when they read the poem written by Auto-Poet, because it suggests that the creative mind cannot be easily dispensed with.) The last chapter, "New Age, New Problems, New Hopes," gives us some consolation: "Human aspirations, hopes and fears are not duplicated by electronic mechanisms, nor will they be as long as we continue to con-



—*From "The Bat-Poet."*

struct thinking machines whose function is only to think." But the last sentence—"Men cannot give machines responsibility over mankind; ultimate choices must always be made by and *in favor of men.*" (italics mine). —conveys a chilly thought. Neither this book nor the other mentions the experiment still under way that should prove whether those without skills (or with only one skill) can be trained to run a computer.

Poems of Stephen Crane. *Selected and with a preface by Gerald D. MacDonald. Woodcuts by Nonny Hogrogian. Crowell.* 60 *pp.* $2.75. This is the fourth of the group of books devoted to individual poets, known as "The Crowell Poets," edited by Lillian Morrison and selected by various editors. The poems of Stephen Crane are better suited to older young people perhaps than to those who will read Longfellow, Tennyson, and Wordsworth, for they represent all his rebellious questioning of life, of man, of God. Many young people have asked themselves,

> If I should cast off this tattered coat,
> And go free into the mighty sky;
> If I should find nothing there
> But a vast blue,
> Echoless, ignorant,—
> When then?

But Stephen Crane in the end finds "the god of his inner thoughts."

The Story of Design. *By Marion Downer. Illustrated with Museum photographs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 216 *pp.* $3.95. This spacious book has room in its pages to portray clearly each object that is selected to show some phase of design, and the photographs are well reproduced. It is not a comprehensive history of design, it is for those finding their way rather than the advanced student. It pays no attention whatever to design in architecture.

The section showing "Design in Earliest America" pictures only corn-husk dolls (one dressed in calico) because "no blending of styles came about on the North American Continent." This does not seem an excuse for omitting some indigenous design from North American Indians. The pictures in the section on modern design could also have been more interesting. A 1964 *Herald Tribune* prize book, *The Story of Design* was published 1963. No age level.

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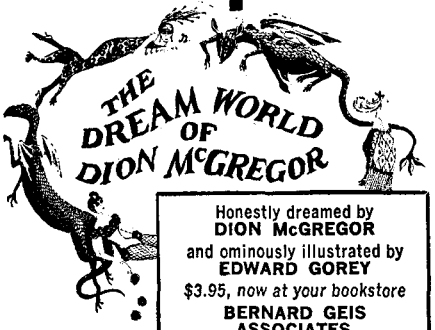
"sleeper"!



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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Archeology

THE ETRUSCANS BEGIN TO SPEAK. By Zacharie Mayani. Simon & Schuster. $8.50.

MYCENAEAN STUDIES. By Emmett L. Bennett, Jr. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $6.

Business, Economics

THE ANALYTICAL ENGINE. By Jeremy Bernstein. Random House. $2.95.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF NEW DEAL DIPLOMACY. By Lloyd C. Gardner. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $7.50.

HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, VOL. III. By Philip S. Foner. International. $7.50.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BRITISH ECONOMY 1945-60. By J. C. R. Dow. Cambridge Univ. Press. $11.50.

TOWARD FAIR EMPLOYMENT. By Paul H. Norgren and Samuel E. Hill. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

Current History

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERNISATION. By I. R. Sinai. Norton. $5.50.

EUROPE ASCENDANT: The International Politics of Unification. By George Liska. Johns Hopkins Univ. Press. $4.95.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF MODERN AFRICA. By William A. Hance. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.

SOUTHEAST ASIA: Illusion and Reality in Politics and Economics. By Lennox A. Mills. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $6.50.

Education

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION. By W. H. G. Armytage. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.

Essays

THE AGONY AND THE TRIUMPH: Papers on the Use and Abuse of Myth. By Herbert Meisinger. Michigan State Univ. Press. $5.

DOUBLE VISION: American Thoughts Abroad. By John Knowles. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE EVER-PRESENT PAST. By Edith Hamilton. Norton. $4.50.

PHILOSOPHICAL INTERROGATIONS. By Sydney and Beatrice Rome. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

Fiction

A CENTURY OF GREAT SHORT SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS. Edited by Damon Knight. Delacorte $4.95.

THE 480. By Eugene Burdick. McGraw-Hill. $5.

MASTER OF FALCONHURST. By Kyle Onstott. Dial. $5.95.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY. By Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE OLD GODS LAUGH. By Frank Yerby. Dial. $4.95.

A STONE MAN, YES. By Daniel Curley. Viking. $4.50.

History

COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE: Revolution in San Francisco, 1851. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By Louis Moffitt. Barnes & Noble. $8.

THE MAKING OF MODERN MEXICO. By Frank Brandenburg. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

THE SOCIAL INTERPRETATION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By A. B. Cobban. Cambridge Univ. Press. $3.95.

Law

HAMILTON LEGAL PAPERS, Vol. I. Edited by Julius Goebel, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.50.

Literary Criticism

CHAUCER'S EARLY POETRY. By Wolfgang Clemen. Barnes & Noble. $5.

THE COLLATION AND INVESTIGATION OF MANUSCRIPTS OF AESCHYLUS. By R. D. Dawe. Cambridge Univ. Press. $13.50.

NATURE AND ART IN RENAISSANCE LITERATURE. By Edward W. Tayler. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

Music

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF WAGNER'S TRISTAN. By Elliot Zuckerman. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

Miscellany

THE FACE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR: The Story of Movie and Television Censorship. By Murray Schumach. Morrow. $6.95.

THE HIGHLY UNLIKELY CELEBRITY COOKBOOK. By Frank Jacobs. New American Library. Paperback, $1.25.

JEWISH LANDMARKS IN NEW YORK: An Informal Guide and History. By Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE McGRAW-HILL INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. McGraw-Hill. $59.95.

POLITICS AND CATHOLIC FREEDOM. By Garry Wills. Regnery. $5.95

WEST OF THE RHONE. By Freda White. Norton. $6.95.

Personal History

JOHN KEBLE: A Study in Limitations. By Georgina Battiscombe. Knopf. $8.50.

LETTERS FROM THE PEACE CORPS. Edited by Iris Luce. Robert B. Luce. $2.95.

THE LITTLE KINGDOM. By Hughie Call. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

SEED MONEY: The Guggenheim Story. By Milton Lomask. Farrar, Straus. $6.50.

Poetry

THE MAHABHARATA: An English Version based on Selected Verses. By Chakravarthi V. Narasimhan. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.95.

Sociology

MAN IN A WORLD AT WORK. Edited by Henry Borow. Houghton Mifflin. $11.25.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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The Mystery of the Missing Michelangelo

SERENE, gentle, graceful, yet strangely vacuous is the marble figure of a young boy, recently claimed by its owner to be Michelangelo's long-lost *St. John the Baptist.* Periodically authorities have fastened this label on other works only to have their findings eventually disputed. The current "rediscovery," an interesting if not altogether convincing story, points up the hazards of spectacular attributions when not accompanied by historical data. The provenance of a work does not necessarily provide the final answer, but it is a valuable tool never to be underestimated, and one that removes considerable guesswork from the scholar's job. In the present case, the sculpture remains without chronological documentation for roughly four centuries (1497-1900), thus forcing students to rely only on stylistic or intuitive evidence. At times, the inductive arguments used to establish the figure as an early Michelangelo seem perilously close to wishful thinking.

But let me hasten to add that the dissenter's eye is often far from infallible. I remember only too well, with chagrin, an episode that involved three small Picasso drawings. All were rejected by several museum curators, myself included. When the drawings were sent to the artist, however, he stood firmly behind them, claiming them irrefutably as his own, done, it is true, at an early age.

The gleaming marble statue, now reputed to have been carved by Michelangelo in 1495 at the age of twenty, did not come to light until 1900 when it was bought by an American dealer, Daniel Noorian, from an Italian agent who found it near Bologna. In 1942 Noorian's widow sold the sculpture at auction, where it was purchased by Piero Tozzi, a New York art dealer who had known the work for twelve years. At the time of the sale the statue was thought to be by Andrea Sansovino, a lesser contemporary of Michelangelo.

Slowly, as Tozzi lived with the sculpture and cleaned it himself, he came to the conclusion that it was, indeed, the elusive *St. John the Baptist,* a work we learn from contemporary accounts was commissioned by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici in 1495 shortly after Michelangelo returned to Florence from a year in Bologna. No known preliminary sketches or drawings exist, but this is not too surprising since it is said that the artist often carved directly without preparatory studies. Yet it does seem odd that this very young sculptor did not rely on some preliminary experiments before he embarked on so complicated a three-dimensional composition.

At the time the *St. John* was officially unveiled last month (in the unlikely but glamorous setting of a handsome Park Avenue mansion lent for the occasion), so also was a fully illustrated book called *Michelangelo's Lost St. John: The Story of a Discovery.* The volume, commissioned by Tozzi, was written by Fernanda de' Maffei, a little-known young Italian student who depends almost entirely on stylistic comparisons to identify the work. She points out similar *contrapposto* poses in several later statues by Michelangelo, notably in his idealized portrait of *Giuliano* in the Medici Chapel, a figure executed more than a quarter-century after the *St. John.*

And yet almost any sixteenth-century artist under the spell of Leonardo da Vinci might have attempted an equally sophisticated *contrapposto* composition. Dr. de' Maffei indicates how the handling of drapery, toes, and hair in the New York sculpture parallels the treatment of these details in accepted works by the master. She compares the figure with two celebrated early marble groups —the *Madonna of Bruges* and the *Pietà,* the latter now on view at the New York

St. John the Baptist—Everything but the signature.

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World's Fair. While these two comparisons appear valid on the surface, they cease to hold water after careful scrutiny. Both the *Madonna* and the *Pietà* are restrained, tender, and gracious, but both are infused with an inner fire and precision totally lacking in the New York sculpture, which seems curiously boneless for Michelangelo.

In addition, the book shows a drawing by Correggio "clearly copied," writes Dr. de' Maffei, "from the New York *St. John*." It is her theory that the sculpture went from Florence to Bologna in 1497 when Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco moved there. From that year until 1900 all further clues vanish. Dr. de' Maffei feels that "the drawing offers almost incontrovertible proof of the presence of the statue in the region of Bologna in the early sixteenth century," implying that Correggio could not have seen it elsewhere. Why not at Parma, which, of course, is also in northern Italy but can scarcely be considered a suburb of Bologna?

A host of other questions occur to me. Why has no outstanding Michelangelo scholar in America been quoted? What does De Tolnay, a specialist responsible for a definitive, multivolumed study of the artist, think? What does Panofsky, an authority on Michelangelo's iconography, think? What does John Phillips, curator of Renaissance art at the Metropolitan Museum, think? Where important new attributions are concerned, silence can sometimes be devastating. In his preface to the book, the critic Henry La Farge, who does not claim to be a Michelangelo specialist, mentions that several well-known Italian scholars were deeply impressed by the sculpture. Why one of these did not write the preface, or for that matter the entire text, is an interesting question.

It is hardly necessary to point out the fantastic divergence in monetary value between an authentic Michelangelo and a Sansovino. Ironically, the same sculpture can skyrocket into the millions or drop to a modest sum only because of the name attached to it. Esthetics, it would seem, have little to do with demand and supply. This is scarcely a new problem, but it is always one that captures the public imagination. Like an inanimate Cinderella, a work of art can be elevated to royal heights merely through the recognition of a name that fits.

For those who doubt the newly crowned *St. John*, memories of three poorly articulated Picasso drawings should serve as a warning. Everything a master produces is not a masterpiece. But, alas, the only person who can give us the final answer about the *St. John* died exactly 400 years ago.

—Katharine Kuh.

TV AND RADIO

Return to Normandy

TWENTY years to the day after General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower unleashed the Allied invasion forces for their D-Day assault on Hitler's Europe, he appeared on a *CBS Reports* program that recalled the Normandy landings. It was an arresting idea to take the former Allied Supreme Commander to actual locations on the Channel coasts and listen to his recollections of Operation Overlord. Yet the inevitable demands made upon the structure of the show by Eisenhower's participation robbed *D-Day Plus 20 Years: Eisenhower Returns to Normandy* of its chance for grandeur. The result was an interesting, low-key ninety minutes in which potential moments of historic excitement were flattened by recurrent dips to blandness, vitiating the force of the total effort.

The paradox of the program was implicit in the opening sequence. Dawn over the English Channel found CBS correspondent Dan Rather on the coast of Normandy vividly setting the stage "along this narrow stretch of sand and sea" for the battle between "the world of freedom and the world of tyranny." Along with scenes of "soldiers, sailors and airmen . . . about to embark upon the great crusade," we heard the voice of General Eisenhower giving the last alerting announcement from Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force."

It was a dramatic, heroic beginning, but its tension and mood were at once dispelled by shots of the general talking prosaically to CBS newsman Walter Cronkite on a Normandy beach today as a nun shepherded a group of children past them. The contrast was deliberate: it quite properly stated the countervailing motifs of the show, yet it also foreshadowed the opposite pulls of event and recollection that were to trouble the dynamics of the hour and a half. For while contrast was an aspect of the show, it was not the show itself. Neither was General Eisenhower. His undoubted central importance notwithstanding, his memories and commentaries were dramatic only in the shadow of the Normandy drama. Unfortunately, every time Eisenhower, plunging into the past, began to generate an air of expectation, he would be called upon by the producers to shift to the present, and the mounting suspense would quickly tumble.

The general and Cronkite, in the first big sequence, sat in the War Room of Southwick House, near Portsmouth, on the south coast of England. Now a Royal Naval School, in 1944 it was the forward tactical base of SHAEF. With the original invasion map in the background, the general described the final moments of invasion planning, the drama of the decision to go ahead in spite of the uncertain weather, and the emotional meetings between the commander and waiting paratroopers. He recalled how the Allies successfully kept the secret of the time and place of the landings; told how an English staff officer doubted the wisdom of the air drop that Eisenhower insisted upon; and he admitted drafting a message that would place all blame on himself should the invasion prove a disaster.

In all this, the audience willingly entered into the past with the general. But then the mind was wrenched back to the present as Eisenhower boarded a modern British frigate in Portsmouth Harbor. That adjustment made, once again the general won us to past involvement with the story of how Winston Churchill was kept from going along on the invasion. We heard the Prime Minister warning how much British and American manhood the coming "attack and grapple with the deadly foe" would cost. Then President Roosevelt led the American people in prayer, and Eisenhower sustained the tension briefly, describing the approach of the Allied naval units to Utah Beach. But he slackened it again as he returned to the present and moved over to Pointe du Hoe, the assigned target of the American forces on D-Day.

From Omaha Beach to Ste. Mère Eglise, where paratroopers landed to fight off German counterattacks; from Arromanches, where the artificial ports were built, to the hedgerows that temporarily stopped the Allied breakout, on to the American cemetery at St. Laurent-on-the-Sea, the general and the reporter kept making and breaking connection with the invasion plot. A lesser figure than Eisenhower might have served as an off-camera narrator. The essence of this format, however, was Eisenhower on camera—and the dilution of impact was inescapable. The lesson is plain. Even Achilles cannot play Homer. For Normandy as for Troy, the proper role of the warrior is inside the story, not rivaling it.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Conn. Men

STRATFORD, CONN.

NO matter how much work and intelligence are lavished on a theatrical production, the results are always uncertain. A well-organized Shakespeare festival, however, can develop a team of performers and technicians that can be counted on to achieve high standards. And the first thing to be said about this year's tenth American Shakespeare Festival is that it appears to be continuing the progress that was so markedly visible last summer. This progress is toward a young, non-star American company, and it has been made possible by a Ford Foundation grant that permits the ASFTA to pay actors to work during the winter with their director, Allen Fletcher, on problems there wouldn't be time to solve during the ordinary rehearsal period.

The first of the 1964 offerings, *Much Ado About Nothing*, is played as a warm and sentimental comedy spiced with a few outrageously farcical moments. As Beatrice, Jacqueline Brookes is immediately and obviously a vulnerable old maid who yearns to get married but is handicapped by an inferiority complex that makes her say the wrong thing to any man she meets. Similarly, Philip Bosco's Benedick is transparently the bachelor who must pretend misogamy because he is too awkward to succeed in the elegant world of precious young ladies. Indeed, the entire court at Messina is shot through with ineffectuality, from its soft-voiced governor, Leonato (played tenderly by Patrick Hines) to its ridiculous constable, Dogberry (acted by Rex Everhart in a more subdued manner than usual). Frank C. Converse portrays the young Claudio as so shy and slow-witted a person that we cannot despise him for his later harsh treatment of Hero. And, as the latter, Anne Draper emanates pure innocence.

All this sets up a nice contrast for the nasty Don John. He is performed amusingly by Nicholas Martin, and one feels that his treacherous acts are simply the natural reaction of a sophisticated courtier to the unbearable gaucherie around him.

Certainly this is less brilliant than either the Gielgud-Ashcroft or the Plummer-Herlie production. Yet it works well enough, and visually it is delightful. Will Steven Armstrong has set and costumed the play beautifully, devising for it and the other productions here a smaller raked stage that sits on top of the larger one and tips the action out into the auditorium. Particularly enchanting is a tree that descends from above and magically lifts its leafy arms to bless the ensuing scene. Tharon Musser has lit the whole proceedings with friendly light that adds to the warmth of this gentle presentation.

The second ASFTA play, *Richard III*, goes all out to portray Richard as obviously malevolent, a man who derives psychotic rather than intellectual pleasure out of betraying others, with the crown itself appearing incidental to his other pleasures. Douglas Watson plays the role to the top of his bent as he models his interpretation on Shakespeare's description of Richard as a "bottled spider." While he employs the traditional humpback, he also uses a cramped hand and wrist and a faulty leg that requires both special support and a built-up shoe before he can walk with it. His insane orgies of glee after each foul scheme are memorable, although his asides to the audience are disappointingly diminuendo. Most impressive is his wooing of Lady Anne, which he makes so sensuously overpowering that she finds herself compelled to kiss him despite her loathing for him. In fact, the horror of this play lies not so much in Richard's Hitlerian evil, but rather in the amazing way everyone finds himself cooperating with a man recognized as perfidious and sinister. Only his fellow lunatic, Queen Margaret, played with obsessed tenaciousness by Margaret Phillips, rails uncompromisingly against him. Patrick Hines's Buckingham seems motivated by simple greed, Jacqueline Brookes's Elizabeth by fear. In the role of the dying Edward IV, Philip Bosco contributes the evening's most poignant moment when he upbraids those around him for not having pled the unjustly executed Clarence's case more strongly with him. And as Clarence, Tom Sawyer gives a nicely logical performance that promises us a thoughtful *Hamlet* when he plays the title role in that production a couple of weeks hence.

But better than the productions themselves, which both fall well short of the kind of result that comes from a lucky perfect synthesis of play, cast, directorial concept, and auditorium characteristics, is the complete lack of glaringly inadequate performances and the increased relaxation and modest assurance with which the plays appear to have been directed. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

D'S FORE AND AFT

We frequently hear from teachers in high schools—junior and senior—that their students enjoy sharpening their wits by solving the I.Q. puzzles. We turn the tables now and present, below, a group of words beginning and ending with the letter *d*, put together by twelve-year-old Patricia Larson of the Grant Junior High School in Escondido, California, and sent to us by her teacher, Mrs. Gloria Nichols. Patricia asks you to supply the missing letters between *d*'s according to the accompanying definitions. Answers on page 61.

1.	d _ d	head of the house
2.	d _ _ _ d	old-fashioned
3.	d _ _ d	inanimate
4.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	imagined
5.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	determined
6.	d _ _ d	transaction
7.	d _ _ _ _ d	protect
8.	d _ _ _ _ d	obstinate
9.	d _ _ _ _ _ _ d	contorted
10.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	cheat
11.	d _ _ _ _ _ _ d	melancholy
12.	d _ _ _ _ _ _ _ d	joyful
13.	d _ _ _ _ d	require
14.	d _ _ _ _ d	rely
15.	d _ _ _ _ d	empty
16.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	faithful
17.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	hard, brilliant substance
18.	d _ _ _ _ _ _ d	amaze
19.	d _ _ _ _ _ d	reject
20.	d _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ d	separated

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Superior Soap

ROSS HUNTER is an energetic young fellow who has earned quite a reputation for himself, and quite a fortune for his studio, by transmuting dross into detergents. His specialty has long been the glamorization of what is often disparagingly referred to as the "woman's picture"—pictures designed to give ladies a few delightful sniffles at the matinees. Because Mr. Hunter has made it a policy to dress both his sets and his heroines within an inch of their pretty teeth, he has even managed to win over part of the male contingent to films like *The Magnificent Obsession, Imitation of Life,* and *Back Street.*

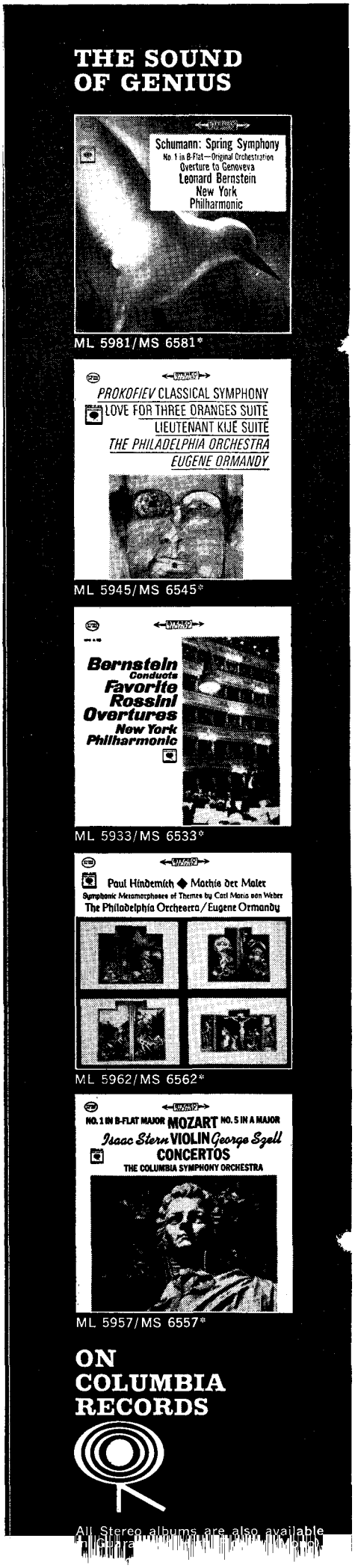
Perhaps he is to be congratulated for his audacity in attempting to step clear of the soap suds by bringing Enid Bagnold's polished and literate play, *The Chalk Garden,* to the screen. Nothing in the world is harder in Hollywood than to break the established pattern of success, and in previous Ross Hunter productions the only polish was on the furniture. Unfortunately, having committed himself to the purchase of the property, he has directed every effort toward making over the play in the image of his earlier hits. Because the play and its central characters had both validity and vitality, a considerable amount of the original's attraction still survives. But it survives less as watered-down Bagnold than as superior soap.

This is not the conventional carping about the changes necessary in reworking a play into a movie. John Michael Hayes, the screenwriter, has done his carpentry well, providing numerous new scenes that carry the action beyond "a room in a manor house, Sussex, England," and that cunningly conceal the time gaps between the curtain's descent on one act and its rise on another. What he has failed to do is to furnish those scenes with dialogue that has the wit and pith of Miss Bagnold's; and, more basically, he has transformed what was once a brittle, Shavian comedy of ideas into a tearful, romantic, domestic drama. The materials remain essentially the same—the convicted murderess, fresh from fifteen years in prison, hired by a wealthy eccentric to look after her psychotic, pyromaniacal granddaughter. Only the angle of attack has changed; but that change makes all the difference.

With Hunter's special orientation, the casting might almost be anticipated. As Miss Madrigal, in place of the drab but authoritative Siobhan McKenna, there is the exquisitely prim Deborah Kerr, her pink and white complexion unblemished by her long incarceration. Maitland, the elderly butler who, in Miss Bagnold's play, had one delirious moment of freedom, declared himself a conscientious objector, and landed in jail for it, is now considerably younger, killed his wife in an auto accident, and has become the perfect servant "to forget." With John Mills in the role, there is the comforting suggestion that his forgetting will be hastened by Miss Kerr. Hayley Mills, as the teen-age problem child, seems no more neurotic than when she played in *Pollyanna,* which adds some strain to the film's credibility. But Edith Evans, that great lady, can always be counted upon to portray a great lady with distinction, and Felix Aylmer invests his relatively brief appearance as the judge with his own humanity and humor. The manor house, seen through Arthur Ibbetson's color camera, is vast, graceful, and charming, while the chalk garden has been carved directly out of England's famed white cliffs for added decoration. As a result, although the film may lack much of the pungency of the play, it *is* prettier.

THE fanciful world of the ad agencies is back for more ribbing in a comedy that rehearses all the more obvious jokes about keeping the client happy and slips in a few extra digs on its own. The firm for which Jack Lemmon works in *Good Neighbor Sam,* for example, is known as Burke & Hare—and much of its creative effort seems to be concentrated upon the technical complications of putting that man in the driver's seat for those television commercials. Apart from such topical references, however, the humor is strictly exhumed Avery Hopwood—mistaken identities, marital mix-ups, and misunderstandings that could readily have been cleared up in reel three had the producers not wanted a twelve-reel feature. To keep the farce spinning, the action is kept frantic, the sound track loud, and the dialogue fairly shouted. Lemmon, as always, works his head off to whip the froth into something more substantial; but even he needs more to go on than the pretense of being married to Romy Schneider so that she can inherit $15,000,000. Since much of the comedy involves his efforts to sneak back to his own wife, Dorothy Provine, the film somehow manages to make a dirty joke out of marriage. But taste was never Avery Hopwood's strong point.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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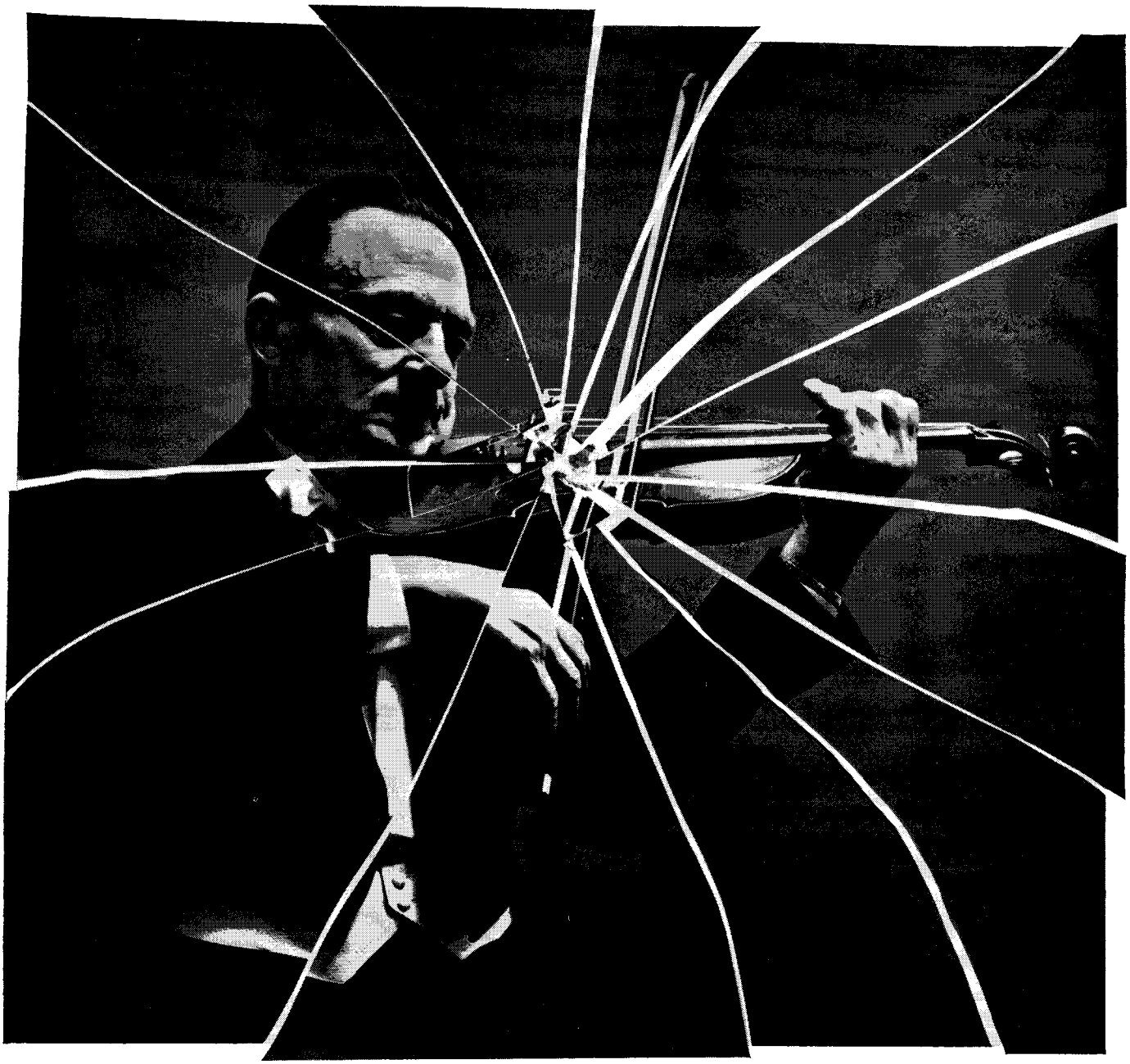

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—*Arnold Eagle.*

Royal Danish Ballet (Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet*)—"in the matter of its ballet heritage, the Royal Danish company is unique."

The Festival Season in Denmark

SR/RECORDINGS

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By JOHN MARTIN

COPENHAGEN.

OF ALL the ballet companies of our day, the Royal Danish may well be the most endearing, and its recent fifteenth annual May festival made this once again disarmingly clear. It is not the most brilliant company or the most elegant or the most musical or the most versatile; but it does have (besides skill, individual tradition, and fine schooling) that irresistible Danish charm and friendliness, which, ironically enough, are always getting in its way. It may not be altogether irrelevant to note that where Norway produced Ibsen, and Sweden, Strindberg, Denmark produced Hans Christian Andersen. This, to be sure, is a justifiable cause for national pride, but also a significant one perhaps.

Certainly in the matter of its ballet heritage, the Royal Danish company is unique; doubly so, for it is the oldest ballet in the world if we except that of the Paris Opéra. It is the sole possessor of a continuous line of technique, style, and repertory from the great days of the nineteenth-century Romantic ballet. This came down through the French-fathered Dane August Bournonville, who studied with Auguste Vestris in Paris, danced in the Opéra there, and returned home to Copenhagen in 1829 to begin a term of nearly fifty years as director, re-animator, and virtual creator of the Royal Danish Ballet and its tradition. His technical method, based on that of Vestris, is still taught regularly (though no longer exclusively) in the school. Of the more than fifty ballets he created, one or two remain in the active repertory and perhaps seven or eight others could be revived authoritatively if there were a demand for them.

Unfortunately, there is not. If only the Danes were foreigners and could see in perspective the pricelessness of the treasure they possess! They are perfectly willing to heap honors on the name of Bournonville and to lay annual festival-time wreaths at the base of his bust in the Royal Theater, but they are thoroughly tired of his works, which they have seen all their lives. These are indisputably old-fashioned, unchic, and home-grown; they want to be smart, contemporary, and international.

Whether they have the particular gifts for any of these categories in the ballet field is yet to be demonstrated. Certainly they have produced no contemporary

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choreographers, but how many countries have? In a manner also parallel to that of other countries, they tend to translate all international styles into pure Danish. Occasionally this is successful; more often, it is not. Like the delicious Danish "cold table" with its quantities of butter, whipped cream, mayonnaise, and even little dishes of lard for those who fancy it, the Danish ballet style is inclined toward plumpness, and the international repertory emerges as a rich collation of smørrebrød.

OF all the imported works on this year's schedule, the three by Balanchine fared worst. This is not surprising, since his basically musical approach and his passion for stripping movement of superfluous flesh right down to the functioning bone are both antithetical to the mimetic Danish approach with its inherent appeal to the affections. *Four Temperaments* was the supreme example, performed both on stage and in the pit in a slow and buttery whisper, as it were, with solemn incomprehension. The only exception was Henning Kronstam's "Phlegmatic" variation, to which he brought at least a certain tension.

Surprisingly enough, in *Apollo* he exaggerated this tension to the verge of incipient rigor mortis, along with a facial sternness that would have frightened away the three muses if they had been paying any real attention to him. But their focus consistently wandered; they could not seem to keep their eye-lines within the area of the action, and Terpsichore even bestowed passing smiles directly upon the spectators from time to time.

Bourrée Fantasque started well enough, but with the coming of the slow movement, the delicate musicality of the form spelled inevitable disintegration, from which there was no recovery. All three works lacked not only edge, bite, bones, but also a necessary sense of orchestration; nobody seemed to feel the presence of anybody else except in direct mimetic relationships, which in these works exist, if at all, only in terms of high musical attenuation. The same thing applies to John Taras's *Designs for Strings*, though it was danced very well in a classroom sense. There can be no question that these are all beautifully trained dancers. But musicality is nowhere in evidence, not even in the orchestra, where the playing is persistently broad and brassy.

If emphasis has here been placed immediately on negative aspects, the point is that they reveal a basic weakness of the company (urged on by its public): it insists on turning away from its own bred-in-the-bone and genuinely enchanting heritage to go international.

From Balanchine on out, to be sure, things took a turn for the better. Except for a single experiment by a young Dane, Eske Holm (to be noted later), abstraction and structural musicality gave place to story, characterization, and personal relationships in works by Frederick Ashton, Kenneth MacMillan, Roland Petit, three Swedish guest choreographers—Elsa Marianne von Rosen, Birgit Cullberg, and Ivo Cramer—the Danish Frank Schaufuss, and, of course, Bournonville.

Ashton's two full-evening ballets came off very well indeed. His *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev) was actually created for this company some years ago and remains a touching work, now with the young Anna Laerkesen as a most promising Juliet. To be sure, after the heroic passions and furies of Lavrovsky's version of the same work for the Bolshoi, this one seems like chamber ballet. But Ashton sensed from the beginning the dimensions and atmosphere of the present company and turned them to positive account.

HIS *La Fille mal Gardée*, created for his own British Royal Ballet, he has only recently staged for the Danes. Here is a striking example of translation into Danish, with a transfer of values but no actual loss of them. Where the British version glows with the perspective of a witty British mind reinterpreting a lost French work of an earlier epoch, the Danish version emerges virtually as a lost Bournonville ballet, full of peasants, jollity, and well-made plot. The greatest sea change is in the role of the bumpkin suitor, Alain, which Ashton built originally on the brilliant personal talents of Alexander Grant. Here it is tossed off in the most ingratiating terms of sheer Bournonville comedy by the always winning Fredbjørn Bjørnsson. Solveig Østergaard is a perky Lise and Niels Bjørn Larsen a hilarious Mother Simone. It must be said, furthermore, that the young lover, Colas, is more delightful in the demi-caractère performance of Niels Kehlet than he has ever been in the much "straighter" British version.

The Danes, indeed, are by nature demi-caractère, which accounts for the comparative rarity of *danseurs nobles* and the virtual nonexistence of ballerinas in the international sense. In that category, however, Laerkesen looks like a gift from heaven, the first of her kind to appear in many a year. She is still dancing somewhat behind a veil, as it were, and perhaps she will have to be de-smørrebrødized before she comes through with clarity and definition. When and if she does, she can be expected to be a formidable figure in the world of international ballerinas.

Returning to the festival repertory, MacMillan's two ballets proved inconsequential. *Solitaire* has already been presented in New York by the British Royal Ballet. Here it has been hideously reset, recostumed, and rewigged by a British designer, but it was danced with charm by Laerkesen and a dozen more adorable youngsters. *The Burrow*, on the other hand, gives us a stageful of wretched nondescripts in some sort of cosmic cellar suffering like crazy (in pink toe-shoes) to the depths of their epidermis from some undefined cosmic complaint. Only the dependable Bjørnsson established any genuine contact.

When one sees Petit's "pop" version of *Carmen* still listed as a festival feature, one wonders. Then one goes perforce to the program of which it is part and understands in a measure: Erik Bruhn's stunning performance makes it a viable piece. The vulgarity of its choreographic invention provokes more shudders than usual when such an artist as Bruhn is called upon to execute it. However, since he treats it as seriously as if it were Hamlet and is a superb actor-dancer, there is nothing to do but submit.

Bruhn, however, can be less than impeccable on his own, as witness his *port de bras* as a princely guest (or host?) in Schaufuss's *Garden Party*, in which he waves his arms over, around, and about his head and shoulders in an extravagant irrelevance that suggests the more questionable aspects of Soviet style. The Schaufuss piece itself, set to melodious bits of Glazunov, is actually a series of overlapping divertissements linked together only by the fact of a garden party. It has been aptly described by a local ballet expert as "an orgy of steps," but it provides for some admirable dancing, especially by Bruhn (in his less fancy moments) and Laerkesen.

The other contemporary Danish choreographer of the season was Eske Holm, responsible for one of the two premieres of the festival. His was called *Tropisms* and was way, way out. Created in close collaboration with his composer-brother, Mogens Winkel Holm, it was an attempt to create a "choreophony" in which serial music was mated with serial choreography. The result was that with a stageful of fifteen dancers, almost nobody ever moved, and then not for long. Talk about spaced silence! But it was very courageous (the collaborators are very young) and avant-garde, must have been very difficult to rehearse, and was at least a creative attempt.

The second premiere, which proved to be one of the season's high points, was *The Virgin Spring* by Elsa Marianne von Rosen, based on the same ancient and savage ballad that inspired Ingmar Bergman's film. Its approach, however, is entirely different. It never departs

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from the style, mood, and remoteness of an ancient ballad, and it is at the opposite pole from sensational realism. Its movement is wonderfully creative, its atmosphere both evocative and sustained. At this first showing, to be sure, almost every episode needed trimming. This may have been so partly because the music was not composed especially for it, but was put together from an old ballet by Hugo Alfvén. Particularly at the end, the choreographer dissipated a moving, symbolic finale in almost fatal elaboration.

But this is remediable, and when the work has had a chance to settle into form, it should be a notable one. It was extraordinarily well performed by Solveig Østergaard, Arlette Weinreich, and Anne Marie Vessel, as the three sisters who are slain; Niels Kehlet, Arne Bech, and Aage Poulsen, as their brothers who slay them; and Margrethe Schanne and Frank Schaufuss, as the parents.

With her other ballet, *Irene Holm*, Miss von Rosen was less successful—at least in the eyes of visiting firemen. Based on a sentimental novelette of the 1890s that apparently all Danes dearly love, it deals with a disappointed ballerina and her sad life having to teach untalented children in various villages. The native public adores every minute of it, but to the rest of us it is simply a combination of comic strip and soap opera.

FROM Swedish guest choreographers came also two other ballets. One was Birgit Cullberg's tried and true *Miss Julie*, based on the Strindberg play and excellently performed by two different casts. The combination of Kirsten Bundgaard and (especially) Frank Schaufuss was altogether stunning.

The remaining Swedish work was Ivo Cramer's *Catharsis*, an elaborate piece dealing with the temptations of St. Anthony. If Eske Holm's *Tropisms* is avant-garde, this one can perhaps be best described as avant-garderobe, for it is fairly overwhelmed by the surrealist costumes of Guy Krohg. The Swedes, incidentally, lay far more emphasis on décor and costumes than the Danes. Visually, this is a fascinating job, ranging all the way back to Hieronymus Bosch in influence. But the characters and the choreography never emerge with clarity or persuasion, and it all seems fairly endless. Starting in Sodom, it goes on and on until we fear that Gomorrah will never come.

Which brings us at long last to Bournonville—*La Sylphide*, exquisitely performed by Margrethe Schanne, Erik Bruhn, and Niels Bjørn Larsen; and *Napoli*, which has come to be a traditional closing piece for festivals. About *La Sylphide* books could be written with profit: just how much did Bournonville's version in 1836 owe to the original one of Filippo Taglioni four years earlier that Denmark wanted in its repertory but could not afford to pay for? How much of Løvenskiold's score did he "borrow" from Schneitzhoeffer's original one? How much was Adolfe Adam influenced by either or both of these scores in composing *Giselle*? How much, indeed, was the whole of *Giselle* influenced? Or have subsequent revivals of *La Sylphide* perhaps, consciously or unconsciously, borrowed from the much later *Giselle*, and so on. These are fascinating matters if you are interested. If you are not, *La Sylphide*, even as it stands today, is one of the loveliest works in the world repertory.

BUT it is with uncomfortable forebodings that one notes the increasing decline in purity of its Bournonville style of performance. Many things have regrettably, but perhaps inevitably, been altered and eliminated in its over-all form in the 128 years of its continuous life. Now one sees ever less rounded arms, more substitutions of arabesques for attitudes, and a general stretching and lengthening of line. Since the dancers are now being taught a modern Russian technique (well taught, be it said, and rightly, since they obviously cannot be confined to Bournonville in the contemporary world), do they tend to practice it through force of habit even where the earlier style is indicated? This point is crucial.

There is perhaps less of this tendency to be noted in *Napoli*, for its transformations have been largely in other directions. Indeed, Kirsten Bundgaard's performance of Teresina was enchantingly stylish and the whole underseas second act utterly beautiful. Bjørnsson, who for this spectator was the real star of the festival, made a perfect fisherman-hero, and many of the character roles were in good hands. The final act, now so often misguidedly presented separately as a divertissement, gave one a little pause, however. It makes large demands on the lungs and muscles of a virtual ensemble of soloists, but unless it is danced to the hilt in full style, it can degenerate into a singularly monotonous exhibition of simple energy. Who was tired on this closing night, the company or the spectator?

There should be a concerted campaign around the world to keep Bournonville from being sold short. Certainly these two works should be thoroughly restudied and restored, but how about a few more revivals? *The Toreador*, perhaps, which many experts consider his best work; *Kermesse in Bruges*, from which excerpts are occasionally given; *Folk Legend*, with its black equivalents of Giselle's Wilis; even *Far from Denmark*, which was revived seven or eight years ago, and, corny though it undeniably is, remains a delight. Audiences don't like them? Besides the Danes, who have every right to be bored by them, what audiences have had a chance to decide?

Here is the only major ballet company in the world today that does not stem directly or indirectly from a common Russian source, and it should be cherished and nurtured if only for that reason. But what an individual company it is in every way! Matchless in the quality and the quantity of its boys, it has a superb roster of character dancers, young and old, and always a horde of promising children. Right now fifteen-year-old Peter Schaufuss, the son of Mona Vangsaa and Frank Schaufuss, has begun to dance like a whirlwind. Little Frank Andersen, the son of Ruth and Verner Andersen, plays the page in *Romeo and Juliet* like an inspired imp. That pigtailed, bespectacled monster in *Irene Holm*—is she Kirsten Norholt perhaps?

And those youngsters of only yesterday, how they are blossoming!—the piquent Solveig Ostergaard, Marianne Walther, Arlette Weinreich, Niels Kehlet, Jørn Madsen, Arne Bech, Aage Poulsen, and many others whom one cannot identify seeing them once in three years—all beautiful, talented, and raring to go.

It is a company one cannot help loving. And loving it, one cannot resist scolding. But loving or scolding, this viewer finds it one of the rare companies of the world. Which brings us back to just where we started.

—*Dance News.*

Laerkesen—"can be expected to be a formidable figure in the world of international ballerinas."

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Hamlet by Burton and Scofield

By JOHN CIARDI

I HAVE been having a week's binge of *Hamlet*, playing it over and over, first with Burton in the lead, then with Scofield. I have been well feasted and well beguiled, but let me confess I have hardly known into which cup to put the actor's pearl. On the first play-through I found myself preferring Burton's rendering. Then I replayed Scofield and found myself carried away by him. One voice seemed to drive out the other, asserting its own firm claim.

After many such vacillations, I find myself back to my first impression. It is Burton who carries it off the more persuasively for me. But add that another man and another taste may find excellent reason for preferring Scofield in the role. Certainly either album will provide the listener with a fine *Hamlet*.

My reasons for preferring Burton's rendering begin with his voice. Paul Scofield, to be sure, is a master stylist and plays the narrower range of his voice sensitively. He tends to build his scenes from a hushed opening to a hushed close, working up to more timbre and more volume in the middle of each scene. Alternatively, he lets his hush and whisper become hoarse as a way of conveying intensity. He works his voice in a low key, by and large, and he knows how to work his variations effectively within it. Yet I must conclude that Burton's voice works more effectively within its greater range and that its resonances more impressively convey the brooding moments of Hamlet's darker moods.

Burton—"soars to a tremendous effect."

Scofield does, to be sure, let out. Both renderings, in fact, are scored to the same over-all climaxes. A voice meter at either performance would certainly hit its highest decibel count, first, in Act III, Scene 2, where King Claudius runs in terror from the play within a play; and, second, in Act V, Scene 1, where Hamlet jumps into the grave with Laertes. These are, of course, the natural climaxes of passion in the play.

The honors, I should say, are about even at that first climax. At the second, however, I find the Scofield performance becoming not much more than a shouting contest with the words being lost in the noise—a weakness, as I believe, that begins with a particularly loud performance of Laertes by Donald Houston. Against his bellowing, Scofield has no choice but to call a few hogs himself—that, or be drowned in the uproar.

Burton, to my ear, does not always come out ahead. His rendering of the "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I" soliloquy in Act II, Scene 2, strikes me as dull when I play it back to back with Scofield's more hushed and more sensitive reading. Despite Hamlet's advice to the players, it is hard to get through this play without tearing a passion or two to tatters, and it is a rare player who can come untattered through the lines

> bloody, bawdy villain.
> Remorseless, treacherous,
> lecherous, kindless villain!
> O, Vengeance!

John Barrymore, as I recall his reading on an old Victor label, took that "O, Vengeance" and made a whinny of it that must have called wild mares from the hills. I thought he had a secure world's record till I heard Burton's rendering of that "O." As replayed to the timing of my sweep-second hand, Burton holds it to a full six-second quaver followed by a sobbing "Vengeance!" High, high drama.

Yet at the line that leads into that soliloquy, Burton soars to a tremendous effect. He has, one must recall, just found out that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, friends of his childhood, have reappeared as the king's spies. As the scene before the soliloquy ends, Hamlet asks to be alone. Rosencrantz, the last to withdraw, bows courteously and hypocritically on the farewell line, "Good my Lord." In every rendering I can recall, Hamlet simply makes the stock reply in a normal speaking voice:

Scofield—"a master stylist."

"Ay so. God be wi' ye." And so Scofield reads it. But Burton speaks it as six superbly bitter, almost barked, monosyllabic thrusts, six dark chops in which the future deaths of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are already sealed:

> Áy - só. - Gód - bé - with - yóu.

Burton achieves a similarly electric moment in Act 1, Scene 2. There, Horatio, speaking of Hamlet's father and thinking of the ghost he has seen, says, "My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight." Burton answers, almost in a whisper: "Saw—Who?" The pause between the words is protracted almost intolerably, and the strain is then broken at exactly the right instant. Replaying to my sweep-second hand, I timed Burton's pause at a full five seconds.

No listener, of course, can know whether such touches were provided by the actor or by the director, but one reason for what I take to be Burton's greater success is certainly in the superiority of John Gielgud's casting and direction. Burton, for example, is unforgettable in the graveyard scene, whereas Scofield is only good—and I am left to conclude that the difference begins with the fact that George Rose (of the Gielgud cast) walks away from Esmond Knight as the First Gravedigger, and ends with the fact that John Cullum is a more playable-to Laertes than Donald Houston.

Certainly, among the major roles of the play, Hume Cronyn brings so much to the portrayal of Polonius that it is reasonable to say he has renewed the role. Charles Heslop, Scofield's Polonius, is superb as the traditional old fop, full of hums and quavers and throat clearing. He is the sententious and obvious fool, obviously in his dotage. Cronyn's Polonius is an even more pompous and an even more self-satisfied ass, but with a thrust of vigor. Everyone, the King included, knows him to be a busybody, a peacock, and a pusher But Cronyn

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still manages to convey a sense that he could be useful in his office—in about the way, I suggest, that a busy little man might be a useful comptroller for a corporation president with the good sense to be wary of him.

Alfred Drake, as Gielgud's King Claudius, is clearly worldly enough to have sized up his minister and to have found him distasteful but useful. I can come to no felt sense of Roland Culver as Claudius to Scofield's Hamlet. Even in the prayer scene (Act III, Scene 3) when he is speaking the words of his soul's remorse, he seems a dry, almost pedantic, justly reasoned, and even noble personage. What I cannot find in him is any suggestion of the man who could sweep his Queen-sister-in-law off her feet and get her to join him in the murder of his King-brother and the usurpation of the throne.

Drake's Claudius, on the other hand, is a man I can feel. He knows the world: he has climbed its darkest inner windings. He has staked everything on one bloody gamble, plotted it darkly, and carried it off. That blood is behind him now. He has won and he means to play it out as a man who has won so much he need never cheat again. And he knows how to manage his winnings. But he knows what he had done, he knows the winnings are dirty, and he knows what world it is.

Heslop's Polonius, I suggest, could not play to such a Claudius, for that Claudius is not fool enough to trust his affairs to such a booby. Cronyn's success is in his projection of a sense of busy and capable management despite his personal preenings and ambitions. His magnificent performance, even outshining Burton's, owes an obvious debt to John Gielgud for a company that not only plays but interplays, one excellence striking off another.

For it is, finally, John Gielgud who gets the pearl. Both Burton and Scofield are superb in their roles. But Gielgud has provided a direction and a cast that serve to pace Burton as a star miler might be paced to a new record. In a two-man race it might have been a dead heat. But Burton runs it in better company and with a shrewder trainer. And by my clock, he wins it—as much for his team as for himself.

"JOHN GIELGUD'S HAMLET," with Richard Burton and original Broadway cast. Boxed with notes on the play and cast but with no text of the acting script. Columbia DOL 302, $15.92; stereo DOS 702, $19.92.

"PAUL SCOFIELD IN HAMLET." Boxed with full acting script. The Shakespeare Recording Society. Caedmon SRS 232, $23.80; stereo SRSS 232, $27.80.

Enter Eurodisc

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

THE EMERGENCE of a new record label is hardly news any more. Small-scale outfits specializing in the esoteric crop up and die practically every day. But the debut of a company with the financial *and* artistic resources needed to compete with major enterprises on both sides of the Atlantic is noteworthy indeed. There is more than casual interest, therefore, in the activities of a new organization in Germany called Eurodisc.

Eurodisc, a division of the Ariola company, which previously specialized in popular music, is now embarking on a number of imaginative classical projects of its own. The seven recordings sampled by this reviewer so far are all exceptionally well engineered. Texts and translations, if any, are skimpy, and there is an ingrown Germanic flavor both in the repertory and casting represented. The "packaging," however, is attractive (a full-color photo of the leading participants adorns each cover), and the artistic policies are never less than interesting. (The Eurodisc line is now available in America at selected stores throughout the country. Records also may be ordered at $4.98 for mono, $5.98 for stereo, from the German News Co., 200 East 86 Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.)

The greatest satisfaction derived from a first encounter with Eurodisc involves the inherent artistic surprises. Much of the repertory and casting is adventurous by American standards, and a healthy number of the "experiments" proves successful. Where else could one discover such an "unknown" quality as the Eva in *Meistersinger* of Claire Watson (probably the best on records)? How else could the local operagoer audition such anti-type-casting as Christa Ludwig's Elektra or Walter Berry's Baron Ochs? What other opportunities are there to hear Fritz Wunderlich sing Mozart (as sensitively as anyone since the young Anton Dermota) and Puccini (with the suavity of a Germanic Gigli)?

Naturally, Eurodisc offers some disappointments along with the pleasures. Both are outlined in this summary of the first releases to reach *SR*.

Wagner: "Die Meistersinger" (complete on 5 LPs, with elaborate booklet), 70 851.XR. The spirit of the performance in question was inevitably dampened by the tragic events that took place in faraway Dallas less than twenty-four hours earlier. Nevertheless, the occasion—the reopening of Munich's Nationaltheater on November 23, 1963—was a festive one, and the excitement of the live performance is unmistakable. Jess Thomas and Claire Watson are superb, youthful, even delicate Wagnerian lovers, and their efforts are reinforced by an intelligent, non-comic Beckmesser from Benno Kusche. Otto Wiener brings out more of the cobbler than the poet in Sachs, however, and there is evidence of distressing vocal deterioration in Hans Hotter's Pogner and Josef Metternich's Kothner. The rest of the cast, including Friedrich Lenz as David and Lillian Benningsen as Lene, is competent. Joseph Keilberth, Munich's current *Generalmusikdirektor,* conducts with leisurely authority as well as insight.

Strauss: Scenes from "Elektra," "Frau ohne Schatten," and "Rosenkavalier," 71 186 KR. Although Christa Ludwig is still straddling the dangerous fence between the mezzo and dramatic-soprano repertories, she has arrived here at the "Hochdramatisch" heights of Elektra and the *Färberin.* This may well be a purely phonographic experiment, or even wishful thinking (in the forthcoming Vienna revival of *Die Frau,* she sings the contralto *Amme,* not the Dyer's Wife). Whether or not Ludwig can comfortably sustain the soprano tessitura and ride the Straussian orchestra all evening long in an opera house remains to be heard. On its own terms, however, her recorded effort is persuasive—cleverly articulated and beautifully sung. Ludwig is joined in the

(Continued on page 68)

Fritz Wunderlich in *Die Zauberflöte*—"probably Germany's finest lyric tenor."

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Recordings in Review

Mahler from Utah

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 8. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra, the University of Utah choruses, the Children's Chorus of the Salt Lake City Schools; Jeanne Crader, Lynn Owen, Blanche Christensen, sopranos; Nancy Williams, Marlena Kleinman, altos; Stanley Kolk, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Alexander Schreiner, organ.* Vanguard VRS 71120-1, $9.96; VSD stereo 1120-1, $11.90.

Abundant as they are, the credits above are only a portion of those associated with the imposing presentation of this mammoth work—its first recording in America, of course, and preceded only by a version on Epic derived from a concert presentation in Holland—in Vanguard's most ambitious undertaking to date. Included are the names of all the choral conductors who trained the groups, as well as credits for John Gutman, director of the Metropolitan Opera Studio, and George Schick, its musical director, who prepared the youthful soloists for their duties.

What is surprising, then, is the lack of a proper credit for one of the most important elements of all those involved: the place of the recording itself. Somewhat obliquely, the commentary states: "This achievement would still not have been possible, had not the hall made available in Salt Lake City been not only one of the truly great auditoriums of the world, but also one of the few adequate to handle this colossal work." That, of course, is an acute description of the Mormon Tabernacle, whose ample resonance and exceptional responsiveness are clearly audible from the first burst of "Veni, creator." Why, then, was it not named? Could it have to do with the contract between its choir and Columbia Records? The source of this unmistakable sound could only be described as the world's most unkeepable secret.

The acoustical qualifications of the recording having been established, the next consideration must, of course, be the musical. These are substantially less distinguished, a condition related as much to the imperious demands of the work itself as to the abilities of those who are striving to meet them. Through exceptional effort and an amount of preparation that must have been staggering, the opening hymn is remarkably well performed—Abravanel sets a crisp pace and the pyramiding levels of sonority are better accounted for than in the Columbia version under Bernstein, derived from the opening of Philharmonic Hall.

It is in the succeeding, longer section devoted to the closing scene of *Faust* that Abravanel encounters the stiffer challenge of a texture both more complex and more transparent. Too often, the result is merely a generalized wash of sound in which the solo voice stands out prominently enough, but the all-important instrumental elements are undervalued or insufficiently stressed. The youthful soloists are all well endowed vocally (though what tenor Stanley Kolk has to offer would be better utilized in writing less demanding than Mahler's). However, this is hardly sufficient to make up for their artistically immature, emotionally insufficient response to the expressive problems involved. It is, altogether, a resounding credit to effort expended by Abravanel and his willing associates, but it doesn't resolve the need for a recording of the Eighth that would do maximum justice to Mahler.

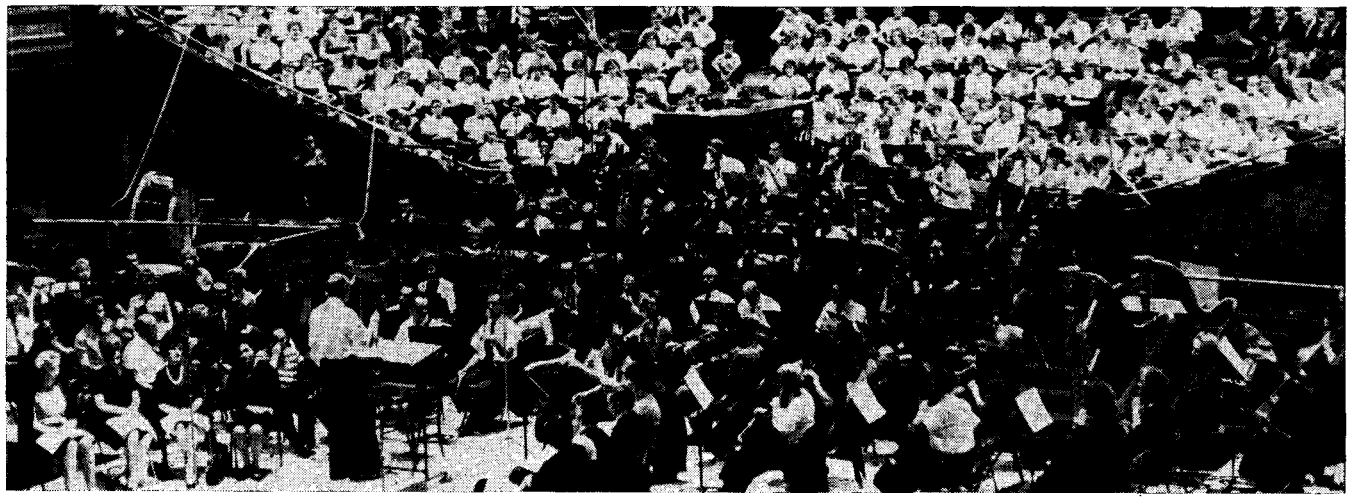
Roses for Rosbaud

BERG: *Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 6);* WEBERN: *Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 6)* STRAVINSKY: *"Agon." Hans Rosbaud conducting the Southwest German (radio) Orchestra.* Westminster W-9709, $4.98 (mono only).

Americans were just beginning to become acquainted with the singular abilities of Hans Rosbaud when he died (at the age of sixty-eight) in 1963. Indeed, it was only slightly earlier that he had filled his first engagements in Chicago and New York, with unqualified success. However, his European reputation had been accumulating for thirty years before that, not only in the broad range of orchestral and operatic literature, but especially as a communicative intermediary between the most complicated contemporary works and listening audiences.

There are, unfortunately, not too many samples of the late Rosbaud's outstanding abilities currently available on discs, which is particular reason to direct attention to this reissue, by Westminster, of a record long in its catalogue and derived from a Vega tape. Mono though it is, it conveys some aspects of Berg, Webern, and Stravinsky with a degree of comprehension not exceeded by the latest stereo equivalents, including the composer's own *Agon*.

What distinguishes Rosbaud's Berg and Webern (and, to a lesser degree, his Stravinsky) is the quality of cohesiveness he imparts to them, the profile of rise and fall (as well as a tide of ebb and flow) he finds in scores more often characterized by fragmentation and flatness of contour. This derives, in my view, from Rosbaud's comprehension of them as works with a *horizontal* context



Abravanel—"the source of the unmistakable sound . . . the world's most unkeepable secret."

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Rosbaud—"a communicative intermediary."

as well as the vertical one in which they are usually presented. In other words, he has discovered the linear connections and sequences that clothe the readily discernible framework with a drapery of design and meaning. His *Agon* is rather more sedate than the customary conception of it, but nonetheless listenable. The skilled players of his Baden-Baden orchestra inflect the patterns adroitly to his direction, and the recording retains high degree of detail.

Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*

BRITTEN: *"Sinfonia da Requiem"*; COPLAND: *"The Red Pony." André Previn conducting the St. Louis Symphony.* Columbia ML 5983, $4.98; stereo MS 6583, $5.98.

André Previn has made his debut as a conductor of symphonic literature thrice welcome for his choice of two works that have little or no history of recording, in collaboration with an orchestra whose recent history has been something of a mystery to those who do not reside in St. Louis. Why that should be so is, of itself, a continuing mystery, for the personnel perform very well for Previn, to a level of quality that puts it within reach of all but a half dozen orchestras in the country.

Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem* of 1940 was originally written on a commission from Japan but rejected because it struck the officials of that country as a slight against the Mikado, being anti-military and embodying references to the Christian liturgy. It has an interest now much beyond that original one as a quite discernible precursor of his recent *War Requiem*. All this was summarized in detail in the authoritative article by Peter Evans on the *War Requiem* in the Boosey-and-Hawkes-sponsored publication *Tempo*, but it is more than helpful to have source material at hand through which one can make the observations on one's own.

What it bears out, particularly, is the consistency of growth in Britten's own artistic development, the continuing germination of ideas even after they had blossomed once. It is evident, too, that in the years that elapsed before the expansion from the three movements of the symphony—"Lacrymosa," "Dies Irae," and "Requiem aeternam"—to the ampler scope of the choral work, Britten had both rethought and refelt its materials. There is, curiously enough, no mention whatsoever of the *War Requiem* in the "sleeve" annotation by Herbert Reid.

For purely domestic reasons, no doubt, Copland's *The Red Pony* suite has been given priority billing on this release, though it is a lesser creation in the composer's own catalogue and on no such ambitious scale as the work with which it shares the disc. Derived from a score written in 1948 for a film version of Steinbeck's novel, it suggests that the *The Red Pony* was ridden by *Billy the Kid* at the *Rodeo* of the same name, so filled is it with reminders of those earlier Copland works. As intimated earlier, both performances are first class and very well reproduced.

Barzun's Gambit Declined

LUENING: *"Gargoyles"*; USSACHEVSKY: *"Creation" (Prologue)*; AREL: *Stereo Electric Music No. 1*; EL-DABH: *"Leilya and the Poet"*; BABBITT: *Composition for Synthesizer*; DAVIDOVSKY: *Electronic Study No. 1.* Columbia ML5966, $4.98; stereo MS6566, $5.98.

For a rare instance, here is a record in which the content of the explanatory sleeve comment is more provocative than the contents of the disc itself. The reason for this is that it reproduces the "introductory remarks" of Jacques Barzun when the works of this electronic program were performed at Columbia University in May, 1961.

Professor Barzun is, of course, celebrated for his inclusive interests and breadth of knowledge, both demonstrated with historic utility in his two-volume biography of Berlioz. In this exposition, however, he is cast in the role of apologist for the products of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center and for similar endeavors elsewhere—which finds him in the curious position of inflating his breadth of interests to comprehend whatever has academic sanction.

In urging an open-minded, receptive attitude on the part of his listeners, Professor Barzun asks them to assume—not to believe but to assume—that "the old style (whatever it is), has "exhausted its possibilities." Thus, "electronic music" has a claim on our attention as a new style. To the argument that it is merely "noise," Barzun offers the refutation that "it was not only Berlioz and Wagner who were damned as noisy. Mozart before them and Haydn . . ." were similarly condemned. Professor Barzun also invokes his personal presence at the first performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in Paris as evidence of the acceptance that may accrue to a work originally rejected as "noise."

From this position, Barzun goes on to answer the argument that "electronic music is something else again: it is out of bounds; the jump is too great. There is no semblance of scale; the sounds are new, most of them are in fact noises. . . ." Then follows his homily on "noise," in which he says that, "the argument of noise is always irrelevant." Perhaps so. But it is not irrelevant that all the composers he mentioned, from Lully to Stravinsky, were working with tonal values that were basically pitched: that there was some possibility, at least, that the relationship between them that the composer heard might, at some future time, also be heard by a listener.

In these products of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center are surveyed a variety of uses to which electronic resources may be put: in combination with existing instruments or voices (Luening and Ussachevsky), programmed control of the Synthesizer (Babbitt), sinusoidal and square wave-generators (Davidovsky), spoken voices subject to electronic transformation (El-Dabh), sound completely derived from electronic sources (Arel). They are, on the whole, dull, noncreative, and lacking even in shock value. Rather than mastering the machine, the operators are servants of it, playing at tonal titillation; the disposition to use the immense power at their disposal is hinged about, inhibited by timidity and, perhaps, a fear of consequences.

Thus, they have, in effect, rejected Barzun's gambit themselves; they are all for taming noise to somehow accomplish a "musical" objective. Had Stravinsky similarly restricted himself, *Le Sacre* would have long since been forgotten. Either in the long run or the short, what is indispensable is a creator. None of those involved with these series of experiments comes even close to such a role.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berg: Concerto for Violin; Chamber Concerto. Christian Ferras, violin, with Georges Prêtre conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. In the Chamber Concerto, Pierre Barbizet, piano, with Prêtre conducting wind ensemble. Angel 36171, $4.98; stereo 36171, $5.98.	Ferras's performance is not as strongly etched as the previous one on Angel by André Gertler, nor as penetratingly analytic as Stern's with Bernstein on Columbia, but it is perhaps closer in mood to the original one of Louis Krasner than any other. It is, in any case, a remarkably expressive achievement, spun out of the performer's finely textured tone and the comprehending collaboration of the orchestra under Prêtre. Not to be overlooked in the end result is the particular coloration of the French woodwind players, the identity each preserves in the total sound. The same distinctiveness strikes me as not serving the Chamber Concerto so well: the identity is there, but not the kind of blend one would like to hear. But the combination is ideally conceived and very welcome. The recording is beautifully suited to the material.
Debussy: Nocturnes ("Fêtes," "Nuages," "Sirènes"). Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Stravinsky: *Firebird Suite*. Monteux conducting the orchestra of the Concerts Conservatoire. RCA Victor VIC 1027, $2.50; stereo VICS 1027, $3.00.	Between the sensation of yesterday and the classic of tomorrow there is, apparently, a void called bargain-land for those unaverse to paying less for a good record than for an indifferent one. Typical of some of the best items on RCA Victor's Victrola label is this pair of performances by Monteux. It is difficult to think of a conductor with a more distinguished record of achievement vis-à-vis the works with which Monteux is concerned here, or one whose consistency is sustaining his self-set standard is so high. The Nocturnes (for which the women of the Berkshire Festival Chorus provide the voices in "Sirènes") would be my choice among any contemporary versions, and the *Firebird* of the French orchestra has its own distinctive attributes.
Janácek: Sinfonietta, Preludes to *The Makropulos Affair, Katya Kabanova, House of the Dead,* and *Jenufa*. Charles Mackerras conducting. Vanguard 1116, $4.98; stereo VSD 71116, $5.95.	As one of the prime movers in the recent resurgence of interest in Janácek, Mackerras is better equipped than most to represent him in the varied aspects of this disc (he was the conductor at Sadler's Wells of the first English production of *Katya Kabanova*). It ranges across the last dozen years of his life, from the *Jenufa* Prelude, of 1916, to the Sinfonietta, completed not long before his death in 1928. In these compact works one may savor the highly personal and sometimes decidedly possessive creative impulse of Janácek without the lapses and *longeurs* that mar the lengthier stage-works. The Sinfonietta, with its cyclic use of fanfares based on material of his native Moravia is especially worthy of attention. The orchestra is a little out of microphone range for best results.
Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet* (excerpts). Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36174, $4.98; stereo 36174, $5.98.	Kurtz follows the inclination of many among his colleagues to group sections of the ballet in a sequence of his own choosing, without respect for the composer's division of them into suites Nos. 1 and 2. Here he begins with parts 1, 2, 3 and 5 of suite 2, and performs No. 4 (Dance) at the beginning of the second side. He then spaces Nos. 6 and 7 of the second suite with No. 5 of the first sequence, concluding with Suite 1, No. 7. As a conductor with a long balletic background, Kurtz finds this not only a congenial but a rewarding task. He has a clear comprehension of the dance values in the music, but never slights the underlying lyricism of the music. It is, on the whole, a more leisurely, drawn-out concept of this music than is commonly heard, but the excellent orchestra gives him the richness of sound to keep it all in a consistent frame. Very good sound.
Respighi: *Fountains of Rome, Pines of Rome,* and *Roman Festivals*. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5987, $4.98; stereo MS 6587, $5.98.	Putting Respighi's trio of Roman impressions on one disc has at least the elementary virtue of enabling the Philadelphia Orchestra to exhibit three times as much virtuosity as it might in any single one. The totality, complete with abundantly impressive recording, is one of the most remarkable show pieces in the LP catalogue, stereo style. Musically the interest runs down hill from the first of the series, whose *Fountains* have a strong surge of imagination. There is less in the jingoistic *Pines* and little but orchestral virtuosity in the *Festivals*. Ormandy performs them with a suitable sense of character, or lack of it, though Toscanini found a good deal more poetry in the *Fountains*.
Roussel: Symphony No. 3. Messiaen: *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia ML 5982, $4.98; stereo MS 6582, $5.98.	The Messiaen was fully equipped with all the "optional extras" of the year that it represents—1944—but the fact that it is an old model is betrayed by the chassis beneath the trimmings of celesta, gongs, maracas, vibraphone, Chinese cymbals, and *Ondes Martenot*. Some of it is close to saccharine in its "melting" harmonies and cloying melodies. Bernstein's performance is full of productive energy and a vigorous sense of partisanship. The same virtues applied to the strongly wrought Roussel symphony (a creation for the fiftieth anniversary year of the Boston Symphony) of 1930 yield considerably more in musical substance and intellectual stimulation. The Women's Chorus of the Choral Art Society; Paul Jacobs, piano; and John Canarina, *Ondes Martenot,* participate in the Messiaen. The reproduced sound gives full value to the interwoven patterns of Roussel and the frequently spectacular sound of the Messiaen.
Vaughan Williams: *London* Symphony. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Vanguard SRV-134, $1.98; stereo SRV-134SD, $2.98.	As this and other issues of Vanguard's "Everyman Classics" series make clear, the more expensive—or most expensive—disc does not, these days, automatically identify the most recent issue, or the best sounding. This peerless version of Vaughan Williams's eloquent essay of his country's capital city is not only a more comprehensive restatement of what is in the score, but a more detailed likeness of the sound, even though the stereo version cited above is cheaper than the mono competitor. Even those to whom Vaughan Williams is not high on the list of indispensables will find this work an addition to their listening experience, and in a performance of this quality at this price, hardly resistable. Excellent sound.
Wagner: *Lohengrin* Prelude; "Siegfried's Funeral March" *(Götterdämmerung)*; *Die Meistersinger* Overture; and Prelude and "Good Friday Music" *(Parsifal)*. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London 9386, $4.98; stereo CS 6386, $5.98.	Ansermet's sense of tonal values and his feeling for color make an interesting if idiosyncratic experience of the *Parsifal* excerpts, which flow on through a full side. There is never quite the depth or the textural cohesion to realize the full weight of Wagner's conception, but the sophistication applied by Ansermet gives it a high degree of interest nevertheless. To a degree this is true also of the *Lohengrin* Prelude, but it tends closer to the unsatisfactory results of the Funeral March and *Meistersinger* Overture. All are more than a little too fast, with results that tend to the superficial. What Ansermet produces from the orchestra is superbly reproduced.
Walton: Incidental music for *Richard III* and *Henry V,* Funeral March for *Hamlet*. Sir William Walton conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36198, $4.98; stereo 36198, $5.98.	Walton's scores for the sound tracks of the films identified at the left served their primary purpose well, but they offer rather thin listening when subject to attention on their own. There is more conviction in the music for *Henry V* than in either of the other excerpted matter, but it, too, relies heavily on matter from non-Walton sources (a file of English composers from Elgar to Holst, as well as others from the other side of the Channel). Surely Canteloube ought to be credited for the use almost verbatim of the *Chant d'Auvergne* known as "Bailero," just after the battle of Agincourt. Performance and recording are excellent. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Philippine Songs

"Bayanihan Sings!" *Members of the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company* Monitor MF 372, $4.98; stereo MFS 372, $4.98.

In this, their third recording, members of the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company sing their national anthem. Listening, one is tempted to visualize an operetta finale with an attractive young cast gathered on the stage, the boys in bright uniforms, the girls in billowing ruffles, all singing a toast to the newly married prince of their mythical kingdom. Compared with more familiar songs of its type, this anthem lacks fervor and stateliness. Instead, it is rhythmic, bright, and spirited. So are most of the other numbers in this delightful album of Philippine songs.

Judging from its music, this nonmythical country is a happy one. Even when a seamstress laments her poverty or rice planters sigh that their backs are aching, the cheerful melodies suggest that they still find ample time to enjoy life. In the ballads, love is requited, the country is beautiful, and so are its maidens. As one of the songs reiterates: "In our village, there is no sadness."

Unlike the preceding Bayanihan recordings, which offered music used on the company's dance programs, this one consists largely of folk songs, interspersed with instrumental arrangements of popular airs. But the same variety of ethnic influences is apparent here. There are echoes of Polynesia, of Arabia, and of Spain. The last is outstanding in this album, where many pieces for singers and *rondalla* (string band) are reminiscent of Mexican folk dances. There is also the mystically Oriental intonation of a Moslem chant and a war dance from the island of Mindanao that feature dynamic, virtuoso percussion playing. Uniquely Philippine, however, is the mellow sound of the nose flute (played through a single nostril), as heard in a dance ritual from the mountains of Luzon.

With this much variety of musical materials, there is little need for variety of treatment or arrangement, and there is little of such variety. Most of the rather naïvely romantic songs are rendered in unison by the sweet, high voices of the predominantly feminine company, with occasional solo passages for soprano Eleanor Calbes. In this context, the strong male voice used in the Moslem pieces is especially welcome.

Further contrast is provided by a high-speed performance of *Deep in the Heart of Texas*—sung in impeccable English. —Selma Jeanne Cohen.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. dad. 2. dated. 3. dead. 4. dreamed. 5. decided. 6. deed. 7. defend. 8. dogged. 9. deformed. 10. defraud. 11. dejected. 12. delighted. 13. demand. 14. depend. 15. devoid. 16. devoted. 17. diamond. 18. dumfound. 19. discard. 20. disconnected.

NEW

Angel

BLOCH / CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA

Yehudi Menuhin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki conducting **(S)36192**

THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS

Noel Rawsthorne, playing the Liverpool Cathedral Organ—Music by Mozart, Daquin, Purcell, Karg-Elert, Vierne, Whitlock and Duruflé **(S)36191**

PROKOFIEV / CONCERTO NO. 3 in C, Op. 26

CONCERTO No. 5 in G, Op. 55

Samson François, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Witold Rowicki conducting **(S)36193**

HANDEL / DETTINGEN TE DEUM

Ruth-Margret Pütz (soprano), Emmy Lisken (contralto), Theo Altmeyer (tenor), Franz Crass (bass), the South German Madrigal Choir and the South-West German Chamber Orchestra, Wolfgang Gönnenwein conducting **(S)36194**

SPANISH ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

FALLA / Ritual Fire Dance (from "El amor brujo") Danza No. 1 (from "La vida breve")

TURINA / Danzas fantásticas

ALBÉNIZ / Evocación, El Corpus en Sevilla and Triana (from "Iberia")

The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting **(S)36195**

Angel

NEW RELEASES JULY

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: *Contrasts*. Andre Gertler, violin; Ethel Farnadi, piano, and Alfred Prinz, clarinet. Sonata. István Antal, piano, with Miss Farnadi; J. Schwartz and O. Schwartz, percussion. Westminister 19064, $4.98; stereo 17064, $4.98.	The *Contrasts* is given a place of priority on this recording, perhaps because of its association with Joseph Szigeti and Benny Goodman, for whom it was written; but there is much more substance in the Sonata that Bartók wrote for himself and his wife to perform in concert. In the context of our knowledge now of such works as the *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (which was slightly earlier), and the *Divertimento* (which came afterwards), it may be heard as part of a consistent development that reached one culmination in the Concerto for Orchestra of 1943, to which it has more than a few kinships. The performance of Farnadi and Antal and the Schwartzes is as good as any known to me, and properly reproduced.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor. Ralph Votapek, piano, with the Paganini Quartet. Concert-Disc 1245, $4.98; stereo CS 245, $5.98.	The printed matter of this issue makes much of Votapek's status as winner of the first Van Cliburn International Competition, but it might make more of his capacities as a first class chamber music player. Henri Temianka and his fellow musicians of the Paganini Quartet are as discriminating as they are experienced, and their acceptance of Votapek as an equal is qualification enough. However, he is no mere accompanist to his better known associates, taking a place of full partnership as Brahms intended. This is broadly sonorous, rhythmically poised recreation, with a directness and assurance that are equally contributory to the satisfactory outcome. Very good reproduction also.
Debussy; Sonata No. 1. Camille Wanausek, flute; Erich Weiss, viola; and Hans Jellinek, harp. Sonata No. 2. Antonio Janigro, cello, and Ginette Doyen, piano. Sonata No. 3. Jean Fournier, violin, and Ginette Doyen, piano. Westminister 9054, $4.98, mono only.	The sound conception of this combination of works and the even excellence of the performance make the disc as welcome in its restoration as it was when new in the mid-Fifties. One might find a margin of superiority in the recordings of one or another of the versions listed in *Schwann* for the individual works, but the advantage of having them on a single disc is incontestable. Contrary to customary evaluation of them as feeble duplications of thoughts he had expressed better elsewhere, the amount of Debussy they contain is both substantial and nourishing. The recording shows little sign of age.
Fauré: Quartet in G minor, Op. 45. Szymon Goldberg, violin; William Primrose, viola; Nikolai Graudan, cello; and Victor Babin, piano. RCA Victor LM 2735, $4.98; stereo LSC 2735, $5.98.	Though the Festival Quartet is no more, this performance—along with several others that linger in the catalogue—is testimony to the high degree of compatibility achieved among its members. Of special interest here is the equality of fervor and understanding they bring to a work that vacillates between Fauré's attraction to Brahms and his endeavors to achieve a stylistic identity of his own. The composer doesn't quite attain his objective, but that bears not at all on the quality of the effort put forth by the interpreters, their success in achieving a just image of the composer's accomplishment, ambivalent though it may be. Unlike some prior releases by this group, the performance is available in stereo as well as mono.
Ravel: *Gaspard de la nuit, Le Tombeau de Couperin,* and *Jeux d'eau*. Beveridge Webster, piano. Dover HCR 5213, $2.00.	Webster's thoughtful musicianship and comprehensive technical ability are helpful attributes, but he doesn't command the variety of responses—emotional or pianistic—to do justice to these works. Now and then, as in the dance movements of *Tombeau de Couperin* he achieves an attractive blend of thought and feeling, but most of the time the attack is heavy, the sound lacking in sufficient nuance or variation to convey the imagery for which the composer drew such careful specifications. Unlike most prior releases on this label of concert music, this is not a reissue from another source, but recorded to sell at the inexpensive price cited. The piano reproduction is only fairly good.
Ravel: Trio in A minor. Shostakovich: Trio in E minor, Op. 67. Trio di Bolzano. Westminster 19063, $4.98; stereo 17063, $4.98.	It would be difficult to find two better performances of two more inconsistent works. In both cases, the craftsmanship of the composer is paraded in imposing order and with every functional part in place, but there is very little behind the façade. In the case of Ravel, it is an elegant scrim that is all too transparent; with Shostakovich, a mask of profundity that is more manneristic than expressionistic. In neither case are the shortcomings to be attributed in any way to the performers—Nunzio Mantanari, piano; Giannino Capri, violin; and Santo Amadori, cello—who are equally admirable as individuals and in combination. The balance and distribution of the sound in the stereo is a model of how such an ensemble should sound.
Scarlatti: Sonatas in F major (Longo Nos. 166, 170, 280), G major (Nos. 78, 88, and 90), E flat (Nos. 111, 113), A minor (No. 138), A major (No. 92), C major (No. 137) and D major (No. 60). Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Westminster 19070, $4.98; stereo 17070, $4.98.	As volume 25 in a series which began in 1951 with the improbable objective of recording all 500-plus of Scarlatti's sonatas, this issue calls for a resounding salute to the unflagging double devotion of Valenti and Westminster. At the same time it has to be noted that there is no work in this particular group of sonatas that adds to knowledge of Scarlatti's expressive range or intensifies an appreciation of his musical procedures. Like the concerti of Vivaldi, once one gets beyond the extremes of variation possible even for genius, the shades of difference among the mass of creations in the same vein are apt to be limited.
Scriabin: Etudes, Op. 2, No. 1 (C sharp minor); Op. 8, Nos. 5 (E major) and 11 (B flat minor); Op. 42, Nos. 2 (F sharp major), 3 (F sharp major), 4 (F sharp major), 5 (C sharp minor), and 6 (B flat minor); Op. 56, No. 4 (E flat); Op. 65, Nos. 1 (B flat), 2 (C sharp minor), and 3 (G sharp major). Sonata No. 6, Op. 62. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. MK 1582, $5.98, mono only.	At some future time it may be possible to assemble from recordings and tapes, concerts and broadcasts, a year by year perspective of Richter's evolution as a pianist. In such a perspective, this disc (identified as the product of a concert in 1952) will have a prominent place, if only for the meltingly beautiful performance of the Opus 8, No. 5 in E major, one of the best and least heard of the Etudes. Throughout the swell of lyricism in Richter's nature bears the burden of Scriabin's thought with hardly superable ease and suitability, in a manner more relaxed than he was able to attain in most of his New York appearances. The sonata (taken from a concert performance of 1955) completes a recital as rare for the quality of art it contains as for the inaccessibility of the material it embodies. Surprisingly good piano reproduction.
Stravinsky: *Pastorale*. Milhaud: Two Sketches. Persichetti: *Pastoral*. Schubert: *Hirtenlied*. Jolivet: *Pastorales de Noël*. Pierné: *Pastorale*. Grainger: *Walking Tune*. Wailly: *Aubade*. Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. Columbia ML 5984, $4.98; stereo MS 6584, $5.98.	The excellence of the Philadelphia ensemble (first desk men of the orchestra) is justification for listening to almost anything they might play, but "almost" is strained to the point of no return when they turn to Pierné, Jolivet, and Wailly for material to fill out this disc. The art is no less consistent, but it is much better rewarded in the Stravinsky *Pastorale* of 1907, the Schubert excerpt from *Rosamunde* (in which the clarinet of Anthony Gigliotti, the bassoon of Bernard Garfield, and the French horn of Mason Jones are doubled to a sextet by dubbing over a first track), the attractive Milhaud (1941), and the listenable Persichetti. Judith Blegen is the able soprano in the first of the two versions of the Stravinsky *Pastorale* included on this disc; in the later (1933) treatment, the voice line is played by violinist Veda Reynolds. The recording throughout is very good. —I.K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Revision for the Garden, Strauss, Monteverdi

LONDON.

WITH both the Royal Opera House and the Royal Festival Hall closed for alterations, the present season has come to a precipitate end. London now resembles a musical desert until the "Proms" begin to fill the Albert Hall with their very own atmosphere of conviviality. At Covent Garden work is in progress on the upper part of the house to merge amphitheater and gallery into a single unit, providing increased seating comfort, better ventilation, and improved intermission facilities for the theater's less affluent patrons. It is fitting that the work is scheduled to be completed in time for September's two *Ring* cycles, and there is also a strong likelihood that in a year or two Covent Garden will no longer be surrounded by its famous fruit and vegetable market but will become the center of a new cultural precinct.

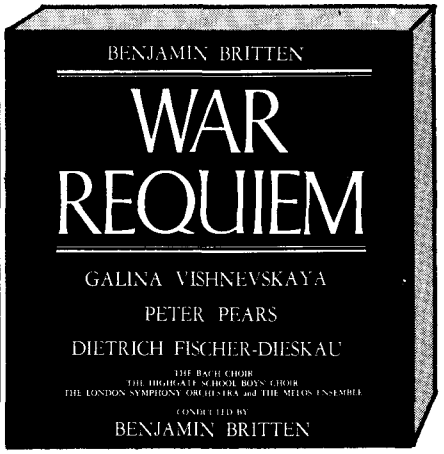
On the South Bank, by contrast, work will not be completed for another nine months, after which the Festival Hall should at last be able to fulfil the varied functions envisaged by its original designers. At the same time attempts are to be made to improve the widely criticized acoustics of the main auditorium. There can be no doubt that musicians and music lovers alike eagerly await next year's reopening. Meanwhile, alas, the cultural life of the capital is sadly disrupted, for London possesses no alternative locale for symphonic music save the monstrous edifice bequeathed to us by Victorian England. Our orchestras may find the going even rougher than usual during the coming autumn and winter.

Decca's contribution to the Strauss centennial is a very attractive collection of his earlier songs, performed by the gifted Hermann Prey and Gerald Moore—this being the first disc from a non-EMI label to feature our most celebrated accompanist. As for EMI, this group offers no fewer than five issues bearing a special *Richard Strauss Centenary* medalion. However, two of these—highlights from *Arabella* (featuring Schwarzkopf, Metternich, Gedda, and the Philharmonia under Matacic) and the Symphony for Wind Instruments (London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas)—are reissues of oldish mono recordings. Two others devote only one side apiece to Strauss. The First Horn Concerto, finely played by Myron Bloom with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell (though without the breathtaking panache that the late Dennis Brain brought to this youthful work), is coupled with Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, while Lisa Della Casa's recital featuring seven familiar songs is backed by Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*. EMI's last centenary disc also revolves around Della Casa, bringing us highlights from *Ariadne*. Concentrating on the music associated with the title role, it omits Zerbinetta and her companions altogether. In the final duet, which occupies the whole of the second side, she is joined by Rudolf Schock, a rather tight-voiced Bacchus, but Della Casa's own contribution is admirable, as is that of the Berlin Philharmonic under Erede.

LEAVING aside anniversaries and the like, I shall undoubtedly remember June 1964, as the month when EMI issued its Angel recording of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*. If our gratitude for this glorious album is nonetheless tinged with a measure of exasperation, it is because the company lacked the courage of its own convictions and refused to record the Glyndebourne production in its entirety. In order to fit the work onto two discs, some forty minutes of music had to be omitted—an act of unforgivable vandalism, even if the hapless editors (who were told that, unless they agreed to cooperate, the opera would not be recorded at all) performed their disagreeable task with admirable skill.

When Glyndebourne decided to stage Monteverdi's last opera two years ago, few would have guessed how directly a work composed 320 years earlier could speak to present-day audiences—yet for many of us it has been an operatic revelation paralleled during the past decade only by the Covent Garden production of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*. Much of the credit for this achievement is certainly due to Raymond Leppard's profoundly imaginative realization of the score—providing the missing orchestral parts and rearranging the roles of Nerone and Ottone for tenor and baritone—and to Günther Rennert's superbly apt and beautiful production. Yet when all allowances for skilful adaptation have been made, one is still left marveling at the ability of the seventy-five-year-old Monteverdi to create so "modern" an opera almost a century and a half before Mozart wrote his great comedies. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

Internationally Acclaimed...



United States

3 Grammy Awards

NARAS—National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences

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- Best Classical Performance —Choral
- Best Classical Composition by a Contemporary Composer

United Kingdom

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Japan

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LONDON ffrr

FULL FREQUENCY RANGE RECORDING

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"Critics' Choice" Indeed

IT MIGHT be argued that I should not review a new release called *Critics' Choice* (Columbia CL 2126) since I picked one of its twelve selections—"Blue Light," by Duke Ellington, which, although it involves only a handful of players, seems to me the first major performance of Ellington's great period, for reasons that I gave in the record's liner notes. On the other hand, I did not pick eleven of the selections. And the album may well indicate the state of—well, *something*.

I was about to say the state of jazz criticism but a) two of the contributors are employees of Columbia Records (and one of those two has seldom written anything that purports to be criticism), and a third is a radio disc jockey, internationally for the Voice of America and locally in New York, who has also written little or no jazz criticism; and b) if these be the choices of critics, perhaps we have fewer critics than we have record reviewers.

The invitation presented by the LP was to pick a favorite recording from the Columbia catalogue, past or present. The opportunity was given by implication to get a worthy but neglected performance currently back into print.

Ralph J. Gleason, "syndicated jazz columnist," picked nothing, saying, perhaps coyly, that it is impossible to have a favorite above all others in the Columbia jazz catalogue. Willis Conover, the Voice of America disc jockey, picked a piece of dance-band *kitsch* from 1940 by Claude Thornhill called "Portrait of a Guinea Farm." (It sounds like Delius, he explains in his appended note. And what if it does?) Leonard Feather picked a selection composed by Leonard Feather. However, he justly praises Martial Solal's piano solo thereon. John Hammond of Columbia Records picked Bessie Smith's "Baby Doll" and wrote a few words in praise of the traditional blues. "Baby Doll," alas, is not a blues.

George T. Simon picked Goodman's "Benny Rides Again" ("It gassed me"), which was obviously written out of the twin facts that its composer, Eddie Sauter, had formal music training and enjoyed Fletcher Henderson. John S. Wilson, who presides as exclusive jazz critic for both the *New York Times* and *High Fidelity* and who also contributes reviews regularly to *Down Beat*, picked a small-group Ellington recording, Cootie Williams's "Downtown Uproar." The piece is a kind of amiable burlesque of 1920s jazz that, for me, doesn't come off and is little credit to Williams and Ellington.

It might be indicative to note that Mr. Wilson, when recently asked to pick a basic jazz library of twelve LPs, chose records by Morton, Armstrong, Ellington, Basie, Hampton, Lunceford, Waller, and Billie Holiday. Quite aside from other considerations (considerations like the fact that the list means that both Fats Waller and Lionel Hampton are greater musicians than Art Tatum and Charlie Parker), think how bored Mr. Wilson must have been with his work for the last twenty years! Incidentally, a happy error in the early pressings of the *Critics' Choice* LP substituted the gently touching and much superior "Blue Reverie" for "Downtown Uproar."

There are three selections on *Critics' Choice* that reflect a kind of middle ground of achievement. Nat Hentoff protests that Jimmy Lunceford's is a neglected orchestra in current criticism, but somehow picked one of the band's novelty performances, "Baby Won't You Please Come Home." Nat Shapiro, of Columbia Records, picked a very good example of small-group swing, Teddy Wilson's "Blues in C-Sharp minor" (with painfully out-of-tune bass work by Israel Crosby), but neither he nor anyone else pointed out that the participants include Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, and Sidney Catlett. Stanley Dance chose to present a very good ballad by Ellington's tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves in "Happy Reunion," but it does not alter what we already knew, that Gonsalves is one of the most gifted tenor saxophonists who ever played with a large jazz orchestra, but also one of the most erratic.

Young—"first truly original jazz soloist after Armstrong."

The remaining three selections do involve major musicians in major work. Dan Morgenstern chose Louis Armstrong's 1932 "Lord, You Made the Night Too Long," a stirring and completely neglected recording from Armstrong's major period. Ira Gitler of *Down Beat* chose the durable Lester Young "Lady Be Good," a recording that revealed the first truly original jazz soloist after Armstrong and also revealed Count Basie's radical rethinking of the style and function of jazz piano. Don DeMicheal, editor of *Down Beat*, picked Miles Davis's relatively recent and much-imitated "So What," which in its modal approach, opened up a provocative new basis for jazz improvising.

Continuing on the subject of reissues, the old Commodore catalogue has been acquired by a label called Mainstream and is currently being made available. The editing of several of the Mainstream sets is curious. For example, *Town Hall Concert* (Mainstream 56004) includes tenor saxophonist Don Byas's technically astonishing reading of "I Got Rhythm" but does not include his "Indiana," recorded on the same occasion. That latter somehow shows up in a mélange of tenor saxophonists' recordings on Mainstream 56002, *The Influence of Five*. The label also has a Billie Holiday collection (56000). It is a bit skimpy, being limited to ten formerly ten-inch 78 rpm selections, but never mind, because several of them are superb.

A new RCA Victor reissue, *Body and Soul: A Jazz Autobiography—Coleman Hawkins* (LPV-501), is a fascinating, if not ideal, cross-section of the tenor saxophonist's work from 1927 through 1963. It includes perhaps his greatest recorded performance in "Body and Soul," here interestingly juxtaposed with an earlier, and then celebrated, Hawkins ballad, "One Hour," from 1929.

We hear Hawkins adapting himself to early large ensembles, swing-period small ensembles, be-bop groups, and even sucaryl strings. He is always alert to changes in the music, yet always himself. And the album shows why. He knew the basics of music when he was in his teens. He absorbed the basics of jazz as a Fletcher Henderson sideman, helped by some of the best players then working. And he had, and has, something to say. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Strauss Then and Now

AS CENTENNIAL tributes to Richard Strauss continue to accumulate, the most stimulating offering still seems to come from the least likely source—Strauss himself. Rococo has released a memorial set featuring eight lieder with the composer at the piano. It serves as an authoritative measuring stick for this repertory, as well as a source of rare musical pleasure.

Despite the tubby sound and noisy surfaces of the 78s transferred to LP, the Strauss-accompanied performances emerge with their radiance intact. Heinrich Schlusnus, who is heard in six of the songs, recorded with Strauss at the beginning of his career (the early Twenties, one would guess, though no precise dates are given). His baritone was even lighter and smoother then than it was to become in his later recordings. But he commanded ample poetic perception from the start, and his vocal resources seemed to know no limits.

The lovely *pianissimo* singing of Schlusnus's early *Heimkehr* is doubly effective because it is motivated dramatically as well as musically; there are no mannerisms, no exaggerations, no phony effects. And, aside from a few inadvertent wrong notes, Strauss-the-pianist proves a most worthy advocate for Strauss-the-composer.

Robert Hutt, Herman Jadlowker (with Bruno Seidler-Winkler at the piano), and Lotte Lehmann (accompanied by an anonymous orchestra) offer comparable demonstrations of imaginative thinking coupled with forceful vocalism. Not even a mushy instrumental background can obscure the appeal of Lehmann's *Cäcilie* as it sounded some thirty years ago.

Despite the benefits of modern sound and long-standing familiarity with the "correct" tradition, Lisa Della Casa is a major disappointment in her new recital of seventeen Strauss lieder. The recording probably would have seemed only a minor disappointment, had it not appeared at the same time as Rococo's. One cannot blame Della Casa that her soprano is no longer the easy, shimmering instrument it once was, although it is unlikely that recent excursions into the Salome repertory have helped her retain vocal freshness. Be that as it may, as the luster wears thin, one becomes increasingly aware of the singer's interpretative limitations. Just as there is a disconcerting sameness about Della Casa's operatic characterizations, so is there a degree of monotony in her lieder singing. Much is lovely in tone, but little is penetrating or strongly individualistic. And on those occasions when individuality does enter the picture—as in her ponderous, erratic *Ständchen*—it tends to distort rather than illuminate. Arpád Sándor's accompaniments are knowledgeable, but often too self-effacing and imprecise to offer distinction of their own.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Destinn as Salome—
"steely yet youthful sound."

The liner notes of Gustl Breuer suggest Della Casa as a successor to Elisabeth Schumann, but the aural evidence fails to support the nomination. Breuer also makes much of Schumann's claim that Strauss neglected the lyrics of major German poets such as Eichendorff, without even noting the existence of Strauss's setting of Eichendorff's *Im Abendrot*—one of his last and best songs.

In addition to the ten lieder, Rococo's memorial includes eight operatic selections of real historical value. First, there is Emmy Destinn in two brief excerpts from *Salome* recorded in 1907. Here the world's third Princess of Judea (she was preceded by Marie Wittich and Anna Sutter) discloses just the kind of steely yet youthful sound the composer asked for but seldom received.

Then there are two *Rosenkavalier* excerpts made at the time of the world premiere by the original protagonists. A truncated final duet with Eva von der Osten (Wolfgang Windgassen's aunt!) and Minnie Nast proves inconclusive. The transparency of the orchestration in this scene, plus the altitude of Sophie's lines, evidently posed insurmountable problems for the engineers of 1911. But what a revelation there is in the portion of the Marschallin's monologue sung by Margarethe Siems, who also happened to be the first Chrysothemis and—defying all modern concepts of type-casting—the first Zerbinetta! Siems was able to convey the pathos of the aging Princess without the tragic nuances so popular today. Her restrained, beautifully articulated performance is remarkably similar in concept to Schlusnus's *Ruhe meine Seele* on side one. She obviously understood Strauss when he said the Marschallin must say farewell to a *lover*, not to *love*.

Next is Maria Jeritza's "Es gibt ein Reich," long a favorite with collectors willing to overlook inaccuracies of pitch and rhythm in return for gleaming tone and emotional fervor. I find this difficult to do, but am grateful for so vivid a sample of the first Ariadne in any case. A portion of Zerbinetta's aria follows, in its original, most complex form. It is attempted by the Viennese coloratura Hedwig Francillo-Kaufmann. I say "attempted," because she makes Strauss's tricky demands seem even more impossible than they really are. (More creditable, though imperfect, examples of the *Ur*-Zerbinetta have been recorded by Hermine Bosetti, Ilse Hollweg, and, surprisingly, Virginia MacWatters.) Francillo-Kaufmann does provide one amusing moment, however, by improvising a threat to an imaginary Monsieur Jourdain before the big cadenza. "If you don't keep quiet," she taunts, "I won't go on singing!"

The final selections are a pair of excerpts from *Die Aegyptische Helena*, sung by Rose Pauly and conducted by Fritz Busch. They are mementos of a fascinating singer and an uneven work, which was premiered at the Metropolitan in 1928. Both have been forgotten all too soon by the American public.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

"A RICHARD STRAUSS MEMORIAL." Historic performances of lieder and operatic selections sung by Lotte Lehman, Maria Jeritza, Emmy Destinn, Margarethe Siems, Eva von der Osten, Minnie Nast, Hedwig Francillo-Kaufmann, and Rose Pauly, sopranos; Robert Hutt, Hermann Jadlowker, tenors; Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone. Richard Strauss, Bruno Seidler-Winkler, pianists; Fritz Busch, conductor; others. Rococo 5217 (mono only), $4.98.

RICHARD STRAUSS: SEVENTEEN SONGS. Lisa Della Casa, soprano, with Arpád Sándor, pianist. RCA LM-2749, $4.98; stereo LSC-2749, $5.98.

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Corelli, Torelli, Locatelli

DURING his lifetime, Arcangelo Corelli was idolized as "prince of musicians," "master of masters," and the "true Orpheus of our era." When he died in 1713 at the age of sixty, he was deemed worthy of a burial place in Rome's Pantheon, next to the painter Raphael. As long as a personal disciple of Corelli was alive, an annual memorial concert at his tomb was given. Music was played in the tradition of the master. Years before publication, Corelli's compositions circulated in manuscript copies; once published, they were reprinted in all major European capitals. His influence on instrumental music in Western Europe was immeasurable. He can well be considered the ancestor of violin playing.

Yet neither as violinist nor as composer was Corelli an innovator. His greatness lies not in pioneering the new, but in canonizing the old. True, Corelli may have been the first to shape the emerging genre of the concerto grosso. But his concertos remained unpublished during the composer's lifetime. When they finally appeared posthumously in 1714, other composers had forged ahead and made Corelli's efforts seem almost archaic. What makes Corelli's contribution timeless, however, is his idiomatic treatment of string instruments, classical balance of form and content, and refinement of thought.

All these attributes come vividly to life in a recording of four concerti grossi from Corelli's Opus 6, played by the Virtuosi di Roma under the direction of Renato Fasano (Angel 36130, $4.98; stereo S36130, $5.98). The Italians have a natural affinity for their old music. Their Cremona instruments respond to an unforced, leisurely approach. The phrasing is aristocratic, the tempi well chosen, and the contrapuntal texture clear. Clarity is due partly to the smallness of the ensemble: seven violins, two violas, two cellos, and one double bass.

This smallness has drawbacks, too. Despite individualized phrasing and charming transparency, there is loss of tonal richness and lack of dynamic contrast between soloists and orchestra. In Corelli's time, as many as 150 instrumentalists participated in such performances. To enhance the antiphonal effect between soloists and orchestra, the two groups were placed apart; each had its own continuo harpsichord to make it harmonically self-sufficient. There is more tonal sumptuousness in Corelli's concerti grossi than the Virtuosi di Roma produce. The sound is weakened further by the virtually inaudible playing of the harpsichord.

By contemporary custom, Corelli composed his music either "for the church" or "for the chamber." The twelve Concerti Grossi Opus 6 are no exception: eight are designated *da chiesa,* four *da camera.* Secular works consisted mainly of stylized dances; such movements were obviously unfit for church concertos performed before, after, or even during High Mass. For Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, composers provided special music —so-called *Christmas Concertos,* including a Pastorale symbolizing adoration by the shepherds. The remaining movements were freely composed and had no particular bearing on the Christmas holiday. Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* (Opus 6, No. 8) has become the best-known example of its kind, although many other composers of that period wrote ingratiating concertos *per la notte di Natale* (for the night of the Nativity).

The idea of presenting several Christmas concertos on a single disc is not new, as the catalogues of Vox and Philips testify. The latest entry in this field is the German Archiv-Produktion, a label known for its scholarly purpose (DGG ARC-3147, $5.98; stereo 73147, $6.98). Unfortunately, the Archiv selections duplicate other releases: the best known of early eighteenth century works by Corelli, Torelli, Locatelli, and Manfredini. Noteworthy is the teacher-student relationship among these musicians: Locatelli studied with Corelli, Manfredini with Torelli. In each case, the student shaped his work in the image of his master.

Nevertheless, each of the composers speaks his own musical language. Torelli's work, published as Opus 8, No. 6, in 1709, is intense, agitated, and austere; even his Pastorale lacks the customary mood of serenity. In contrast, Manfredini's Concerto Opus 3, No. 12 (1718) is sweet and melodious, although somewhat conventional; here, the austerity of the baroque clearly yields to a more ingratiating style. No such trend, however, is seen in Pietro Locatelli's Concerto, Opus 1, No 8: this is music in the great Baroque tradition. Wide-arched melodies, poignant harmonies, rich contrapuntal texture, and dramatic intensity point directly toward Handel, although Locatelli's Concerti grossi of 1721 antedate those of Handel by almost twenty years. By enlarging the number of solo instruments to five—two violins, two violas, and a cello—Locatelli achieves consistent richness of texture that makes the fugue movement particularly impressive.

Next to this towering masterpiece, Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* appears almost naïve. And yet this very naïveté has its charm. Despite its checkered form—seven movements with little apparent connection – there is beautiful, balanced unity. Two of the movements are disguised dances—a minuet and a gavotte—but Cardinal Ottoboni, who commissioned this concerto in 1699 for San Lorenzo's Midnight Mass, did not object. Corelli's concluding Pastorale, tied to the preceding movement by a pedal on G, is marked *ad libitum,* arousing much discussion. Some scholars argue that this final movement was optional—questionable because of its connection with the previous movement. A more likely explanation ties the composer's cryptic remark to the possibility of a freely embellished interpretation.

All four *Christmas Concertos* are performed by the Mainz Chamber Orchestra, fifteen instrumentalists directed by Günther Kehr, who also plays first solo violin. The sound is sturdy, the intonation excellent, the balance satisfactory, although at times the harpsichord is too distant. But there are stylistic shortcomings in dynamics. Sustained pianos are all too rare: whenever a soft level is reached, it merely serves as a point of departure for an immediate crescendo. This sort of frantic striving toward expression is quite alien to the baroque spirit. A closer study of the original scores might have purged the performance of its tendency toward modern expression.

Kehr and his orchestra are at their best in the tonal splendor of the Locatelli Concerto. Manfredini's work would have gained by a more imaginative treatment. In Corelli's *Christmas Concerto,* a comparison between the Mainz Orchestra and the Virtuosi di Roma turns out in favor of the Italian group: they play with more sensitive, clear-cut articulation; they employ more refined dynamics. The "disguised" dances are treated with marked difference by the two ensembles: the Virtuosi di Roma stress rhythmic piquancy, while the Mainz Orchestra avoids any hint of a dance. Both are legitimate concepts, although the Italian approach seems to be closer to the "Latin" spirit of Corelli's masterpiece. —Boris Schwarz.

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Tape It Slow

WHILE the pace of the world at large accelerates, tape speeds are coming down. Tape went hurtling through the early recorders at thirty inches per second, but today's machines perform better at 7½ ips than their ancestors did at thirty, and some offer speeds as low as $1\frac{5}{16}$ ips with respectable fidelity for speech recording.

The economy of slower recording has always been recognized—halving tape speed doubles available recording time for a given tape length—but there were and are many problems to be solved if accurate slow-speed recording is to become practical.

The slower the speed, the shorter the recorded wave length on the tape for any given frequency, and from this fact stem many of the major difficulties of lowering recording speeds. The output of a playback head is proportional to the recorded wave length, not the frequency; starting from a very low level at long wave lengths, output rises steadily until the recorded wave length is double the playback head gap, then falls off sharply to zero at the point where gap width and wave length are equal. Doubling the tape speed moves this fall-off point up the scale by an octave, and so does halving the gap width.

New materials and methods have made possible gaps of forty microinches, reaching their theoretical maximum response at over 30,000 cycles per second with a tape speed of 7½ ips, and over 7,500 cycles at 1⅞ inches. But such heads are costly and quick to wear, and their output—and hence their signal-to-noise ratio—is lower than that of wider gap heads. Moreover, what is gained at the top end by narrowing the head gap is lost at the bottom. Tape pioneer Marvin Camras, of the Illinois Institute of Technology's research department, has suggested dual gap heads, a wide gap for the low frequencies and a narrow one for the highs, as a possible solution.

If the heads are misaligned, so that the playback and recording head gaps are at different angles to the tape, the effective width of the playback head is increased, with consequent high-frequency losses. Quarter-track heads, while more vulnerable to tape dropouts and noise than wider-track heads, are less sensitive to misalignment—and it is easier to manufacture quarter-track heads with very narrow gaps.

Waves are recorded on tape as a series of tiny bar magnets; the shorter the recorded wave length, the shorter the magnets. But as the poles of a magnet are brought closer and closer together, their opposing fields overlap and cancel; in recording, this means that the shorter the wave length, the weaker the signal.

According to Marvin Camras, recording occurs in several zones on a normal record head, the most critical of which is the area the tape traverses immediately *after* the record gap, where the bias frequency erases some of the high and low frequencies recorded as the tape passed over the gap itself.

In 1952, Mr. Camras published his invention of the Cross-field recording system, wherein the bias is applied to a separate head, allowing this zone of re-erasure to be considerably narrowed, and high-frequency response increased by as much as an octave. Roberts was the first to market a recorder incorporating the Cross-field system, and Concord plans to join them shortly.

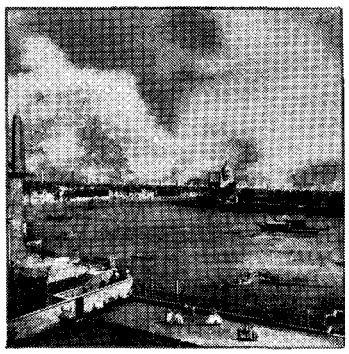
When treble response is lessened, as it invariably is in slow-speed recording, noise becomes more of a problem. Modern improvements in amplifier circuits and components are reducing the level of noise fed to the tape with the signal, but the tapes themselves are still noisy.

The 3M company (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing) recently introduced a series of "low noise" tapes that attack the problem from a new angle. Depending largely upon the bias and equalization characteristics of the recorders it is used with, 3M's new oxide formulation offers lower noise, increased treble response, or a little of both. This new oxide was a primary factor of 3M's new 1⅞ ips cartridge recorder.

At high speeds, the momentum of the moving parts helps keep wow and flutter to minimal levels; but as speeds drop, increasing care and expense are required in the design and construction of the entire tape drive mechanism. Flutter can also arise from non-moving parts, such as imprecise tape guides and pressure pads, whose friction creates minute speed irregularities. Until recently, all tape heads were made with broadly curved faces, against which the tape had to be held by felt pressure pads. Many newer designs use heads with hyperbolic contours, allowing the tape to be held against their apexes by tension alone. Friction has been further eliminated by improvements in tapes, now smoother and better lubricated.

These improvements affect high-speed tape recording as well as low, and the remaining problems—such as poor head contact due to dirt or other factors—still affect slow-speed recording more adversely. But precisely because this area is more critical, the new improvements are more noticeable here. Whether applied to improving the already high level of high-speed recording quality or to the unfolding of new possibilities for the hitherto inadequate slower speeds, they are sure to be welcomed by the audiophile.

—IVAN BERGER.



Yehudi Menuhin, "the noblest yet the most humane of all violinists" (Neville Cardus in the *Manchester Guardian),* has been heard as both violinist and conductor with the Bath Festival Orchestra. His concerts have resulted in a number of fine Angel recordings in the Baroque and Classical traditions. In this latest release he conducts what is perhaps the most typical example of Baroque...the *complete* Water Music of Handel. It is a delightful recording, a "must" for the Baroque collector and a tribute to the musicianship of Menuhin.

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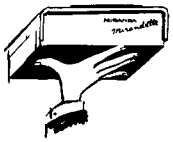

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Continued from page 57

Elektra-Orest Recognition Scene and the Barak-*Färberin* "love duet" by her husband, Walter Berry, who is making a comparable repertory switch (from lyric buffo to dramatic bass-baritone) with comparable results. His Ochs, in the Act-Two finale from *Rosenkavalier*, is already unique among recorded competitors: it is more Baron than Ox. In other words, it is sung with intelligence and humor, but without exaggeration and vulgarity. Heinrich Hollreiser leads the forces of the West Berlin Opera rather stodgily.

Smetana: "Die Verkaufte Braut" (highlights), 70 212 KR. Kurt Böhme makes a lovable buffoon of Kezal, the marriage broker, and, as Marie, Melitta Muszely almost sounds like a miniature reincarnation of Ljuba Welitsch. Rudolf Schock is a strained, uncomfortable Hans, however. In general, this is a satisfactory "highlights" recording, if hardly a substitute for the complete Angel version (*SR*, March 8).

Weber: "Oberon" (highlights), 70 828 KR. It is good to have this historical epic on records, even if it is in segments and unevenly sung. Jess Thomas, out of his element, makes a mess of Hüon's heroic coloraturas and merely slides over the cantilena measures. Ingrid Bjoner offers a respectable but small-scale "Ozean du Ungeheuer," and there is only mild compensation in the support provided by Hetty Plümacher, Herbert Brauer, conductor Wilhelm Schüchter, and the Bamberg Symphoniker. Erika Köth, however, sings the Mermaid's song charmingly.

"Rudolf Schock in neun Opernpartien," 70 218 KR. Since Germany's most popular tenor is so much more effective here than in the Smetana, one assumes the recital is the earlier of the two records. Included are such hackneyed items as the "Berceuse" from *Jocelyn* and the "Hindulied" from *Sadko*, as well as the customary arias from *Martha* and *L'Elisir d'Amore* (*Der Liebestrank*). These are counterbalanced nicely by excerpts from Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella*, Wagner's *Rienzi*, Kienzl's *Evangelimann*, and two Lortzing operas. The scenes are complete in each case, with supporting singers and chorus as needed.

"Fritz Wunderlich: Ein Sängerportrait" (A Portrait of the Singer), 70 258 KR. If you don't object to "Wie eiskalt ist dies Händchen" in place of "Che gelida manina," this record is worth investigating. Wunderlich is probably the finest lyric tenor in Germany today. It is regrettable that Mozart, his specialty, is represented only by two arias from *Zauberflöte*. The remainder concentrates on *Martha, Evangelimann, Undine, Waffenschmied, Turandot, Butterfly, and Cavalleria*, in addition to the previously mentioned *Bohème*.

Erika Köth: Lieder recital, 70 491 KK. Munich's favorite coloratura soprano is predictably overshadowed by her accompanist —none other than Gerald Moore—in a collection of overpopular songs by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Mahler. Her sound tends to be pale, her interpretations sentimental.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Strauss Centennial

YOUR ISSUE devoted to Strauss [*SR*, May 30] is of great value. I would like to know if *SR* has a special reprint of this section. I should like to obtain one, if possible, to send on to Rose Pauly, who now lives in Israel. She was devoted to the music of Strauss, and I am sure this would give her great pleasure.

GEORGE VOLCKENING.
North Bellmore, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For "Elektra" Pauly, a complementary copy.*

DGG Additions

AS THE AMERICAN distributors of Deutsche Grammophon recordings, we are very pleased to be so happily remembered in the Richard Strauss discography. Richard Freed has, however, omitted DGG's production of *Der Rosenkavalier* with Marianne Schech and such artists as Irmgard Seefried, Rita Streich, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the cast directed by Karl Böhm (LPM 18570/3, stereo SLPM 138040/3). There is also a large economy-size single record of highlights from the complete album (LPM 18656, stereo 138656). Strauss-minded *SR* readers who have seen Mr. Freed's welcome notes about the forthcoming DGG on-stage recordings of *Arabella* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (to be issued in August and October) will like to know that there is a strong possibility DGG may similarly record the new Vienna production of *Daphne*.

GOULD CASSAL,
MGM Records.
New York, N.Y.

More Strauss

THE SPECIAL SECTION on Strauss is a fine way of celebrating his centennial. May I add a few items to the excellent discography?

STRAUSS CONDUCTS STRAUSS
Don Juan. Was also available in U.S. on Decca DL 9576.
Sinfonia Domestica. Recorded at an actual performance in 1944, on VOX PL 7220.

ORCHESTRAL (other conductors)
Also Sprach Zarathustra. Stock, Chicago Symphony. Columbia MM 421; Rodzinski, Chicago Symphony. RCA Victor LM 1060.
Feierlicher Einzug der Ritter des Johanniterordens. Biggs has recorded an organ arrangement of this on Columbia ML 4603.
Metamorphosen. Furtwängler, Berlin Philharmonic. DGG 18857; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra. Camden CAL 248.

OPERA (selections)
Feuersnot, "Feuersnot! Minnegebot!" Maria Cebotari, Karl Schmitt-Walter. DGG 17206.

And to the comprehensive "Strauss Bookshelf" should be added the Strauss-Romain Rolland correspondence and Lotte Lehman's *Singing with Richard Strauss,* her survey of five operas she sang for the composer. Both were published in England this spring.

Now what about a centennial for that unique, unrecognized master of bel-canto opera, Meyerbeer?

R. L. FORSTALL.
Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Both the discography and the bibliography of Straussiana were, of necessity, selective rather than comprehensive. Nevertheless, we are happy to print reader Forstall's additions. As for the neglected Meyerbeer, he was the subject of a wishful survey of non-recordings by Robert Lawrence in 1960 ("Seven Stars for Meyerbeer," SR March 26.) Unfortunately, the intervening period has not appreciably altered the status of recorded Meyerbeer.*

More from Merriman?

A VOCIFEROUS AMEN to Mr. Grant's allusion to peerless mezzo Merriman's retirement [*SR*, April 25]. Since Ponselle there has been no quality comparable. So here's hoping for more recordings.

IRMA HAYES LEGGART.
Riverside, Calif.

Delmark Label

IN SOME RECENT REVIEWS of jazz records your reviewer referred to the Delmar (or is it Delmark?) recording label. I have been unable to order records bearing this label. (The records involved Albert Nicholas.) I had what I thought was an address for this company in St. Louis, Missouri, and sent a letter there, but it was returned. Could you give some information on how I might be able to order these records?

PAUL MEYER.
Pullman, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Delmark records are located at 7 West Grand, Chicago, Ill. 60610.*

The Gottschalk Manuscripts

WITHOUT ENTERING INTO the controversy in which Howard Shanet and Vanguard Records are engaged over the merits of the latter's recording of Gottschalk's *La Nuit des tropiques* [*SR*, Mar. 14], may I take this occasion to point out that, with the exception of the final movement of this symphony, Gottschalk's other orchestral scores are very much in existence. They are owned by Mr. Abrahao de Carvalho of Rio de Janeiro. In addition to the Andante from *La Nuit des tropiques,* there is a second symphony, *Montevideo;* a triumphal march and finale of an opera; the *Tarantella and Variations on the Portuguese National Anthem* for piano and orchestra; and *Escenas Campestres* for vocal soloists and orchestra.

At the time of Gottschalk's death in Rio de Janeiro, his personal possessions were auctioned in accordance with Brazilian law. Since the United States at this time had no ambassador to the Brazilian court, Gottschalk's sisters engaged in a long struggle to regain his personal effects. These manuscripts, however, they did not receive. What is now needed is a Maecenas to come forward and purchase these scores for some library in the U.S.

JOHN G. DOYLE,
Mansfield State College.
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Geneva

Continued from page 19

tions are realistic without the participation of China. (Since ENDC is not technically a U.N. conference—although the U.N. appropriated $890,000 for its staffing in 1964—perhaps China would attend if invited, even before her admission to the U.N. itself). Nor has the conference attracted much attention from press or public.

ENDC is a continuing conference, although there have been recesses for diplomatic consultations, General Assembly debates, and vacations. When the sixth session resumed late in January, both the U.S. and the Soviet Union submitted lists of collateral proposals. Three older measures were common to both lists: 1) a comprehensive treaty banning underground tests; 2) observation posts to help prevent surprise attack; and 3) further efforts to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons. For each of these items, however, there currently exists a political obstacle in the way of settlement. For example, the NATO multilateral nuclear force (MLF) appears to be a serious impediment to the Soviet Union's signing any treaty against the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

ONE American proposal submitted in January was new and heartening. This called for a "verified freeze of the number and characteristics of strategic nuclear offensive and defensive vehicles." The measure would include any anti-ballistic missile systems. Production for replacements of missiles would be allowed, but verification would be less onerous than necessary for smaller weapons. This measure would help curb the arms race, stop the development of new and costly weapons, and accelerate general and complete disarmament.

A second American proposal made in January was a verified agreement to halt all production of fissionable materials for weapons use. The U.S. is shutting down four plutonium reactors and the Soviet Union is reciprocating, although some plutonium production will continue in both nations. The U.S. will allow the International Atomic Energy Agency (of which the Soviet Union is also a member) to inspect the closed American plants. The U.S. hopes that the Soviet Union will also allow such inspection, but the U.S. is prepared to welcome the agency whether or not the Soviet Union immediately reciprocates.

The U.S. is again eager to have the Soviet Union respond to its earlier proposal to transfer quantities of weapons-grade U-235 to peaceful purposes, such as power reactors. The U.S. is now prepared to transfer larger amounts than the Soviet Union, and has made the initial proposal of transferring 60,000 kilograms of American U-235 to 40,000 kilograms of Soviet U-235. U.S. negotiator William C. Foster told the ENDC that, far from being a mere gesture, these 60,000 kilograms are valued at $720 million and, if used in power reactors, would produce one-third of all the electricity consumed in the U.S. during 1963.

The 1964 Soviet list of collateral measures is somewhat longer than the American. Several of the items had been previously advocated: the withdrawal of foreign troops from alien territories, a nonaggression pact between NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, the establishment of nuclear-free zones, and the reduction of armed forces if only by mutual example.

One new Soviet proposal concerns the destruction of all bombing planes by all nations. Calling bombers obsolete, the Soviet Union wants all of them destroyed, not only those older bombers that the Americans are more ready initially to scrap so that they do not get into the hands of secondary powers.

The Soviet Union is also anxious, and thinks "favorable prerequisites now exist," for further curtailments of military budgets by 10 to 15 per cent. Soviet negotiator S. K. Tsarapkin, in urging this proposal, estimated that today 20,000,000 youths are in the armed forces around the world, while a total of 100,000,000 persons are in one way or another helping nations prepare for war. The recommended budget cuts, if made by all countries, would release between $12 billion and $18 billion each year for more constructive purposes.

MOST discussion in the ENDC has taken place on a treaty for general and complete disarmament. Attempts have been made to reconcile the texts of the draft treaties submitted by both great nuclear powers in the spring of 1962. Both drafts agree that the goal must be the elimination of all nuclear and conventional arms at the end of the process. Furthermore, they agree that disarmament shall occur in three stages and that a new International Disarmament Organization shall be created within the framework of the U.N. Since 1962, both sides have submitted modifications of their plans. Most striking perhaps was the Soviet suggestion that both the U.S. and itself retain through the third stage of disarmament a minimum deterrent or "nuclear umbrella" consisting of "a strictly limited and agreed number of global missiles, anti-missile missiles, and anti-aircraft missiles of the ground-to-air type." And the Soviet Union has departed from its insistence that any weapons remaining during the disarmament process not be inspected. In this case Ambassador S. K. Tsarapkin indicated that "from the very onset of the second stage, control should be instituted over the remaining rockets as well as over their nuclear warheads."

The U.S. has to date made fewer modifications of its original draft treaty on general disarmament. But major differences remain between the two draft treaties, especially in timing (the Soviet Union wants quick disarmament in no more than five years; the U.S. wants the slower pace of at least nine years), peace-keeping arrangements, and inspection. The Soviet Union is prepared to accept more inspection in general and complete disarmament than is often assumed. With the U.S. having agreed to the Soviet axiom that the amount of inspection should be consonant with the amount of disarmament, problems of inspection may not be the prime obstacle preventing agreement on general and complete disarmament. The chief bottleneck is political will, most recently on the American side; if the American negotiators are once given the unequivocal green light to negotiate a treaty on general disarmament, one could be rather swiftly completed in Geneva—now that the months of necessary homework have been nearly accomplished.

ENDC resumed its seventh session on June 9. It is devoting one session a week to general and complete disarmament and the other to collateral measures, although it has not yet given priority to any measures. In addition, the conference in this period of detente is a convenient means for the representatives of the U.S. and the Soviet Union quietly to explore mutual problems. The chief delegates from these two nations, in their capacity as co-chairmen of the conference, have the opportunity for unharried, unpublicized conversations. One day they might find an area of agreement that has top political clearance. Despite the greatly improved political climate of Geneva, immediate progress might seem difficult because the U.S. is occupied with domestic problems and a Presidential election while the Soviet Union is occupied also with domestic problems and an ideological rivalry in the world Communist movement. On the other hand, perhaps President Johnson and Premier Khrushchev, for different if equally compelling political reasons, would like to take one more tangible disarmament step in the next few months. Indeed, agreement on a collateral disarmament measure might be easier at least for President Johnson than agreement on some outstanding political issue (such as Southeast Asia, Cuba, or Berlin). Thus hope does not diminish in Geneva. ENDC is doggedly continuing and is scheduled to meet well into the autumn before reporting to the postponed Nineteenth U.N. General Assembly in November.

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SUCCESSFUL BUT BORED corporation executive, prize-winning but unproduced playwright, seeks position teaching literature or drama at small college. B.S. degree. 20 years in Orient. Box H-722.

YOUNG WOMAN, varied interests, M.A. psychology, moving permanently Los Angeles, seeks challenging job. Particularly interested in aspects of movie-making. Box H-711.

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TEXTBOOK EDITORS for elementary and secondary school mathematics texts and college economics texts. Send resume stating education, experience and salary requirements to Personnel, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107.

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WANTED—Talented, dedicated song leader and music director for teenage camp, August 8th through 22nd. Beautiful campsite; congenial staff. Write Dr. Fay Le Meadows, 5300 Philadelphia Drive, Dayton, Ohio.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Contemporary mahogany all year luxury home, skytop site, glorious panoramas, 55 acres. Huge living room, 3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen, easy maintenance. Secluded. Urgent sale—$200,000. Write Box H-635, telephone UNiversity 1-0728 NYC.

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SALE. 10 years rent equals price but nets less per year. Best value on island. Ready now.

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EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $225 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, NYC.

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RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., no colony. Phone collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

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WOODLAND RETREAT one hour NYC. One acre lake exclusively yours, modern house, conveniences. $400 month. Box H-766.

CAPE COD, Pamet River. Sleeps 4. F. Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

MAINE. Lodge on Thompson Lake. One hour Portland. Swimming, fishing, sailing, views, quiet. Golf nearby. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. All electric. July $600. References required. Telephone 703-882-8206.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

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WORLD'S FAIR RENTALS. Furnished apartments by the week. Pennington Agency, 192-12 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, N.Y.

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MANHATTAN, EAST SIDE. 2½ rooms, new house, air-conditioned. One person. July-October. $150 month. REgent 4-1249.

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VACATIONS

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

LIMITED TO 50, our unique mountaintop "hideaway" in deep woods on a sparkling Berkshire lake offers just the ideal vacation retreat for business and professional people who like simplicity, unpretentiousness, unhurried vacation fun. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins. Ideal swimming and boating, sunbathing, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, unsurpassed hiking. Fine food and outdoor concerts (Hi-Hi) our specialty. CHANTERWOOD, Box 91, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine. Open through October.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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LAND O' GOSHEN FARM! Furnished cottage, trout, trails, mountain air, relaxation. Goshen, Vermont.

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KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

SOMETHING ODD HAPPENS to Time here . . . instead of being remorselessly chopped off into irrevocable minutes and hours, it becomes elastic: compressible, extensible. It is like the time-sense of childhood; one enters this fourth dimension and lives in it, as opposed to being dictated to and paced by it. Here, a twenty-minute walk may take two hours and seem both then and in retrospect, indefinitely short and indefinitely long. Most of us tend to spend Time, miserly minutes, profligate hours, but here there is no question of spending it; one merges with it, lives in it, enjoys it. The Island Inn, Box G, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland parking, garaging for all cars.

(Continued on page 74)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 73)

JOYCE'S SEASIDE CABINS for rent on beautiful Swans Island, Maine, overlooking Burnt Coat Harbor. For particulars write L. V. Joyce or phone Swans Island 6-31.

LOOKING FOR an "Away-From-It-All" place to vacation? Fine food, excellent private beach, informal, no recreation program. Folder on request. Doris & Ed Griffin, Potter's, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

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HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

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RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

FISHING, HUNTING or vacation in Newfoundland? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

EXCEPTIONAL FOOD, LODGING. Halfway between Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Bossidy House, Route 20, Lee, Massachusetts.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Sabael, N.Y.

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LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

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QUIET COUNTRY ROOMS with Continental breakfast. Tanglewood, Berkshire Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow, swimming, fishing and golf nearby. Single and double. Rates. Orchard House, Tyringham, Massachusetts.

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STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE exceptional meals at superb Maine resort overlooking ocean. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

HOW TO HAVE A BETTER SUMMER VACATION? Easy! Send for brochure on Sarasota County—Florida's Distinctive Resort Area: Color photographs, places to stay, events calendar. Asolo Theater Comedy Festival, Ringling Museum films. Beaches, fishing, golf, summer baseball. Cool Gulf breezes! Chamber of Commerce, Box 308D, Sarasota, Florida.

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LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

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WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Art, Dancing, Free Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's day camp. Family plan special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. HI 5-2557 NYC.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1577

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A seeker of knowledge.

B. Exalts to high authority.

C. What many of us believe is yet to be (2 wds.).

D. Birthplace of John Bunyan.

E. What the youngest of trees is doing, or the pig after truffles.

F. Designating an individual who functions as a fully developed female, even when structurally incomplete, as a worker ant.

G. Classic proof that in a right triangle $(AB)^2$ plus $(AC)^2$ equals $(BC)^2$ (2 wds.).

H. Basic category of the girl who "could make a cherry pie quick as a cat could wink her eye" (2 wds.).

I. Describing any angular or rounded projection which looks capable of gripping, grinding, cutting.

J. Heated arguments of industry, management, etc., close relatives of the ballpark "rhubarbs".

K. Lacking one of the commonest of anesthetics, used in making rayon, etc.

L. Specifying the *fallacy* that Ruskin attributed to certain writers, more emotional than factual.

WORDS

118 55 45 79 162 66 110 207 18 157

152 144 68 130 181 43 209 33 196

197 16 200 161 8 74 142

165 111 10 145 72 87

54 112 147 193 156 90 126

168 114 24 78 185 119 159 151

29 37 61 71 166 73 65 17 100 95 109

216 12 94 150 44 198 158 191 148 178

204 20 135 47 52 120 154 82 89

2 115 187 215 42 170 138

124 103 190 56 77 163 88 9 132

4 127 69 96 85 19 62 122

DEFINITIONS

M. Inflammation of the elbow.

N. What Montaigne declared he would follow "even to the fire", which, however, he would exclude if he could (2 wds.).

O. A skillful maneuverer or manager.

P. Clown in ancient comic strip, contemporary of *Buster Brown, Happy Hooligan, Fluffy Ruffles*, etc. (2 wds.).

Q. Science treating of light and related phenomena.

R. Describing some of those places where names are strange-sounding.

S. Heated building for drying pottery, salt, raising tropical plants.

T. Speculative treatise of Vedic literature, earliest of which dates from 8th cent. B.C.

U. Often sounded nightly from the back fence; inside little Maryland is this group of five principal phones (cryptic def.).

V. Southernmost region of U.S. Postal Zip Number 96622.

W. V.I.P.'s.

X. A violation of the rights of others.

Y. Merlin is said to be still living in one of these.

Z. Wolf who typified the barons in the beast epic *Reynard the Fox*.

WORDS

101 13 133 41 116 131 86 195 211

35 22 113 40 139 160 184 164 179

97 23 75 141 107 189 182 14 58

123 129 15 134 205 48 57 25 177

64 36 91 104 180 174

7 212 21 98 60 27 188

70 6 51 92 59 176 203 173

214 186 218 28 11 172 49 31 108

217 210 149 67 34 53 117

208 99 1 140 194 155 63 80 102

106 93 167 192 213 153 50 136

146 81 175 76 171 183 202 39 3

32 199 105 5 125 84 169 83 201 137 46

38 26 143 219 128 206 121 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 V	2 J	3 X		4 L	5 Y	6 S	7 R	8 C	9 K	10 D	11 T	12 H
13 M	14 O	15 P		16 C	17 G	18 A	19 L	20 I	21 R	22 N	23 O	24 F		25 P	26 Z		27 R
28 T		29 G	30 Z	31 T	32 Y	33 B	34 U	35 N		36 Q	37 G	38 Z	39 X	40 N	41 M	42 J	43 B
44 H	45 A	46 Y	47 I		48 P	49 T	50 W	51 S	52 I	53 U	54 E		55 A	56 K		57 P	58 O
59 S	60 R	61 G		62 L	63 V		64 Q	65 G		66 A	67 U	68 B		69 L	70 S	71 G	
72 D	73 G	74 C	75 O	76 X	77 K	78 F		79 A	80 V	81 X	82 I	83 Y		84 Y	85 L	86 M	87 D
88 K	89 I	90 E		91 Q	92 S	93 W	94 H	95 G	96 L	97 O		98 R	99 V	100 G		101 M	102 V
103 K	104 Q	105 Y	106 W		107 O	108 T	109 G	110 A	111 D	112 E	113 N	114 F		115 J	116 M	117 U	
118 A	119 F	120 I	121 Z	122 L	123 P		124 K	125 Y	126 E	127 L	128 Z	129 P		130 B	131 M	132 K	
133 M	134 P	135 I	136 W	137 Y	138 J	139 N		140 V	141 O	142 C	143 Z	144 B	145 D	146 X	147 E	148 H	
149 U	150 H	151 F		152 B	153 W	154 I	155 V	156 E	157 A		158 H	159 F	160 N		161 C	162 A	163 K
164 N	165 D	166 G	167 W		168 F	169 Y	170 J	171 X	172 T	173 S	174 Q		175 X	176 S	177 P	178 H	179 N
	180 Q	181 B	182 O	183 X	184 N	185 F		186 T	187 J	188 R	189 O	190 K	191 H	192 W	193 E	194 V	195 M
196 B	197 C		198 H	199 Y	200 C		201 Y	202 X	203 S	204 I	205 P	206 Z	207 A	208 V	209 B		210 U
211 M		212 R		213 W	214 T	215 J	216 H		217 U	218 T	219 Z						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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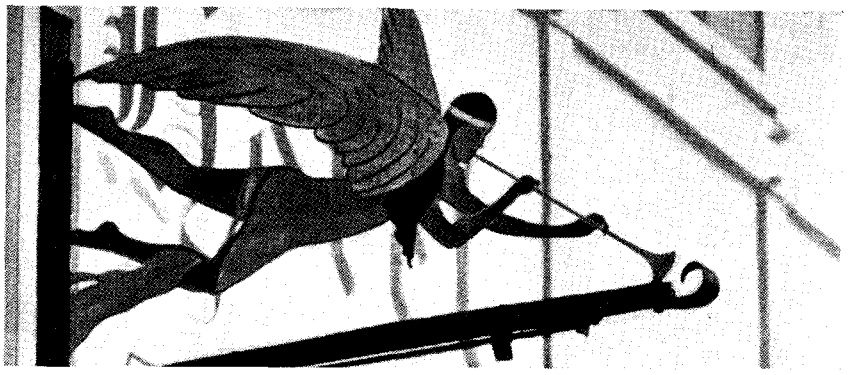
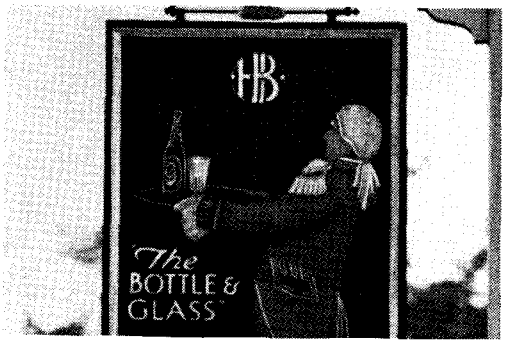
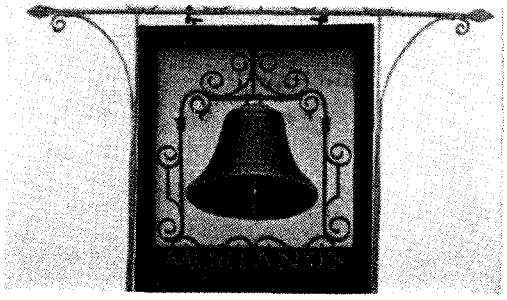
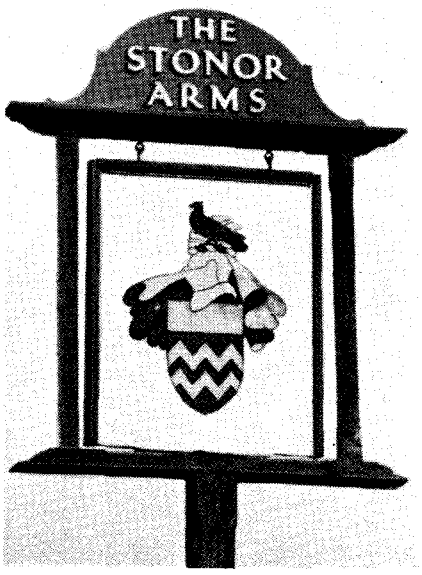
GORDON'S GIN

A GUIDE TO FAMOUS ENGLISH PUBS & POTIONS









The Wig and Pen
Built on Roman remains, it's so named because judges and barristers from London's courts gather here. *Many* ask for Martinis... 8 out of 10 specify Gordon's by name.

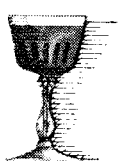
The Angel
Located by the Henley Bridge, this pub is steeped in the atmosphere of a bygone age. Gordon's Gin is the most called-for brand here, often as part of a Gordon's Sour.

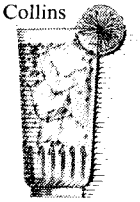
The Bottle & Glass
In Oxfordshire, hard by the site of an old Roman road, stands this 14th Century pub. Today's customers choose Gordon's Gin by 6-to-1 with the Gordon's White Rose a frequent order.

The Bell Inn
This Wallingsford inn was only four years old when Alexander Gordon first made Gordon's Gin in 1769. Today, the Queens Cocktail is one of the many Gordon's drinks served here.

The Beehive Inn
This 700-year-old inn at Russells Water was built on the site of a famous gypsy camp. Gordon's, by far the most popular gin here, is sometimes served in a Gin & Tonic.

The Stonor Arms
The building that houses this Oxfordshire inn was once a girls' school. Today, Gordon's is a 10-to-1 favourite. A favourite drink with many customers is a Gordon's Tom Collins





GORDON'S GIN SPECIAL TRAY OFFER. Deluxe plastic serving tray, colorfully decorated with 12 English drink recipes...yours for only $1.50. Make check payable to "Tray Offer." Send to: Trays, P. O. Box 140D, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, N.Y. 10011. Please, no stamps.

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